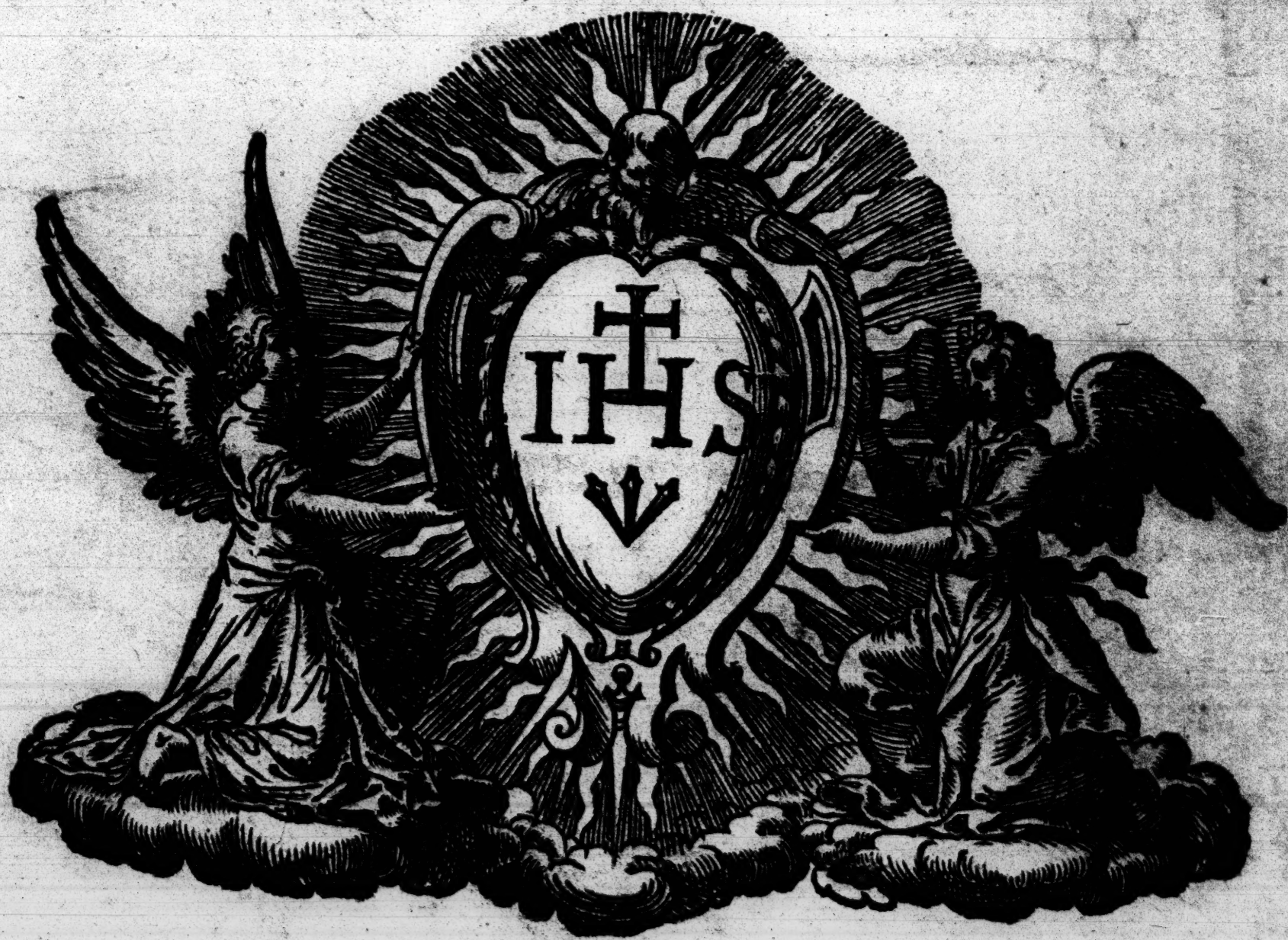


I E S V S
P R Æ F I G V R E D
OR
A P O Ë M E O F T H E
H O L Y N A M E O F
I E S V S
I N F I V E B O O K E S
T H E F I R S T , A N D S E C O N D B O O K E .



Permissu Superiorum. 1623.



TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTIE
PRINCE,
CHARLES
PRINCE OF
WVALES, DVKE OF CORNE-
WVALL, EARLE OF CHESTER,&c.

Great CHARLES



*Doe not thinke the Verse I write,
VVorthy the honour of your Princely sight;
(And should you read no lines, but worth your view,
Men knew not what to dedicate to you)*

*But hauing nothing els to shew my zeale,
VVith VViddow, what I haue, I freelie deale: Marc. 12
To giue rich Donatiues great Princes vse,
T'is also greatnesse badge not to refuse
Smal presents; els how should meane persons shewe
That duty, which to Potentates they owe?*

To you my PRINCE I consecrate my booke,
Reward my Muse: with what ? your grations looke.

Vouchsafe to read our Poëm, vvherein all
Is written without malice, without gall:

VVe are not bitter at the Present time,
Onelie wee saie Rebellion is a Crime.

And auntient sectaries our verse doth strike,
VVho so shall doe your Highnesse needs must like.

And though wee speake in rime, as Poets vse,
Yet sacred veritie attends our Muse.

Truth on our Poëm waits: (an vpright cause,
To set it fourth needeth no lying clause:)

In all our building there is not a stone,
But wee dare justifie to be our owne.

Certes now wee haue perfited our frame,
Casting reflections eie vpon the same

VVe doubt much vvhether vvee haue anie vaine
In Poetrie, because wee doe not faine.

Vouchsafe then Mighty CHARLES my Booke to view
VVhich is all Innocent, all smooth, all true.

Your Highnesse humble seruant

IOHN ABBOT.

A L A

A LA SERENISSIMA
SEÑORA DOÑA
MARIA
DE
AVSTRIA
INFANTE DE ESPAÑA
PRINCESA DE GALES.



SEÑORA

Hemos edificado
vna Yglesia, y en su
frontispicio pusimos
el augustissimo nom-
bre de IESVS, saluador nuestro, que todos
han de adorar: en el nombre de V. A. se hizo
esta fabrica, pues por los beneficios y el res-
pe- to de V. A. hemos alcançado de nuestro Ar-
taxerxes la permission de boluer à ver la cara

* 3

patria

patria, paraque reparemos à Hierusalem, y restauremos los templos à V.A.

Esth. 5.

Nuestro grande Asuero ofrece à V. A. fúscetro de oro, como el ramo de oliuo, que es symbolo de la paz, paraque V. A. qual otra Hester hermosísima conuierta esta benignidad en la salud de su pueblo, y así buelua à florecer en Inglaterra la fè de nuestros mayores, la religion antigua, que es lo que V. A. desea y procura, paraque, segun esperamos, se buelua à recobrar por su dichoso casamiento lo que perdimos por las ilicitas bodas.

Aun nos acordamos y gemimos por las miserias y trabajos que procedieron de aquel desastrado matrimonio entre Henrique el octauo y Ana Bolena; pero por V. A. se restauraràn nuestras perdidas y en lugar de la tristeza y llanto entrará la alegria con el gozo, paraque quede V. A. aun auentajada à las antiguas Reynas, Theodolinda, Crotilda è Hingunde, à cuya piedad reconocieron los mayores bienes con la fè las valerosísimas naciones de los Francos, Longobardos, y Godos.

Dexemos à exemplos y cosas tan remotas
quando

quando tenemos à tantos en la Imperial casa de Austria, en la real de España, en la de Baviera; llenos estan los libros, à cada passo se veen las memorias de las Isabelas, Marias, Margaritas.

Mucho deuen, Señora, los Ingleses desterrados à la Mag.^d de la Señora Reyna Doña Margarita de Austria vuestra madre, porque fue mucha la piedad con que mãdò assistirles.

A V. A. deura aun mucho mas todo el Reyno, y la naciõ entera. Que ofreceremos de nuestra parte? como se declararà nuestro reconocimiento? por este voto. *Hermosos sean tus passos en tu calçado, ô hija del Principe, y con tu agrado y hermosura procedas y reynes felizmente; en nombre del Señor te bendezimos y le rogamus que te haga como à Rachel y como à Lia, que edificaron la casa de Israel, paraque sea V. A. exemplo de virtud en Ephrata, y tenga vn nombre celebre en Bet lehem.*

Cant. 7.
Pl. 44.
Ruth. 4.

Assimismo dedico à nuestro Serenissimo Carlos, Principe y esperança de la Britannia, esta nuestra Yglesia, que con Moyfen leuantè en el monte por el exemplo y la traça que se
me

Exod. 25.

me enseñò.

Recibid, Señora, este don, aunque pequeño que ofrezco à V. A. con mis humildes deseos, paraque se sirua de recibirme tambien en su proteccion , y entre sus minimos criados.

Nuestro señor guarde à V. A. como yo deseo y ha menester la Christiandad. Deste uento de S. Iuan Baptista de Anuers à 12. de Nouembre 1623.



THE PRÆFACE.

Some vvill perchance object it is not fitt
That verses should by such as I be vvrit:
I ansvvere vvhen the subject holy is
VVho e're make Verses shall not doe amisse,
That Volume vvhich IOBS patience doth rehearse,
For no small quantitie doth speake in verse.
Of other Scriptures is not a great part
Compos'd according to Poeticke Art?
And if vve to the after times descend,
The sacred Catologue shall neuer end.
How many auntient Fathers Hymnes haue vvrit,
In one combining pietie and vvitt
They erre vvho thinke a Poet hath no straine,
Vnlesse the subject of his Muse be vaine.
For vvhy hath Pegasus his vvings to flie?
If he must still keepe earth, ne're mount on highe.
Is it not pittie such a noble Horse
In Boggs and durtie vvaie should spend his force,
And manag'd by loose Venus vvanton Son
In paths of obseane loue, his vvhole course run?
Recall your selues braue vvits: such vvaies to passe,
Better becomes an Apulcian Asse.
And though the Iades you ride on, do not tire
Yet doe they vvant the true Poetike fire
Fetcht from that Mount vvhere Virgins on a Hill

*Write loftie Odes vvith a Parthenian quill.
There, there take horse: Nor are you streightned vvhen
You make faire virtue object of your Pen.
God, virtue, sins hate are a spacious field,
And vvell-tild can abundant matter yeild.
Write vvith a modest Pen such holy laies,
That Phœbus may vvith ouerlasting baies
Your tempells Crovvne: els knowv that chaster times.
Shall sacrifice to Vulcan your loose rimes
And thou my Pegasus vvhom I shall vse
As Palfrie in this progresse of my Muse,
Vvhilst of great IESVS name thy Ladie sings,
Mount vp aloft vse thy best paire of vvings,
¶ Vvhen thou art forc'd to trampel here benea'th,
Be it a moment onelie to take breath,
And in the vvaie plaie not the Iade and tire,
But as thy journey, so increase thy fire.*

A
POËME, OF THE
HOLIE NAME OF
I E S V S.

The first Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*VVe speake vvhat Ground, VValls, Painters vvorke
 Roofe, Pillars, Lampe, hath I E S V S Kirke.*

G I V E me a Quill pul'd from that Eagles vving, Ezech. 1.
 VVho soaring in the bosome of his King, Io. 13.
 Saw those deepe secrets, which his Books descric, Ion. 1.
 And vve admire, but cannot looke so high.

Oh giue me such a Quill! and vvith the same
 Ple vvrite vvhat vvorth is in that glorious name,
 VVhich vvith the nevv yeare giu'n the vvounded Boye, Luc. 2.
 Did blesse the follovving times, vvith hopefull joye
 Of a release from Sinne, from Death, from Hell.
 (So many blessings in one I E S V S dvvell.)

Knovv Muse this Royall name is Oyle shed,
 And o're the vniuersall vvorld outspred. Cant. 1.
 Bee Oyle too, learne in a' sea to svvimme
 Aboue thy selfe; yea others, streatch each limme
 VVith courage out: this glorious titles praise,
 Like Oyle aboue all other titles raise,
 Thy subject is a Sea: behold thy selfe
 In the vast Maine, no shallovv feare, no shelfe.

A

He

2 *A Poëme of the Holie name*

Isa. 2.

He vvho made all, and meanes novv all to saue
To shevv his meaning, vvill this I E S V S haue
For his ovvne name, and thinkes enough is done,
To make the vvorld reflect some nevver Sun
VVarming our hemisphère, and giuing light,
Shall driue avvaie vvith graces beames blacke night.
VVho euer had this name, and vvas not high?
VVhat I E S V S euer vvas, and did not flie
Aboue the common pitche of humane race?
As if the name did bring a special grace:
If vvee see I E S V S forthvvith vvee shall see
Captiued Man from seruitude set free:

Esd. 2.

Ios. 3.

Victorious Tribes triumphing ouer foes,
VVith equall lots, diuide the landes of those
VVhom they haue Conque'rd: hetherto hath stood
Adjoyning to this name a common good.

Ios. 1.

In fairest of-spring happie auntient Nun,
Bring foorth thy valiant and thrice vvorthy Son,
(Our I E S V S figure, honor'd vvith his name,
For I O S V A H and I E S V S are the same.)

Ios. 10.

VVhose holie anger made *Apollo* staie,
And baite his fire horses in the vvaie;
VVho but a I E S V S such an act hath done?
VVho but a I E S V S could command the Sun?
VVho but our I E S V S, only hath the grace?
To make the Sun of Iustice, keepe his place.
That vvee not ouertaken by darke nighte,
Discerne may, vvhen, and vvhere, our foes to smite?
VVho can the promis'd land out-deale to his?

Mat. 28.

But I E S V S to vvhom Earth and Heauen is
By Father giuen; vvho but I E S V S shall
By stratagem surprise, and make to fall
Proud *Haie*, of present vvorld the figure right?

Ios. 8.

VVhich must be vanquisht, not by force, but flight:
I E S V S shall teach his Armie *Haie* to sacke,
By a strange stratagem of running backe,

I E S V S

VWhen they lie hid vwithin a Cloister vwall,
Then Haie by holy fire and svord shall fall.

Shall I relate hovv *Iericho* falls dovne,
VWhilest holy Israel about the tovvne
Goes in Proceffion: I E S V S vvalkes this round,
And bids the Priests their brazen trumpets found.

Ios. 6.

I should dilate my selfe vpon this feate,
And largely explicate that povver great,
VWhich I E S V S giues to Priests absolving vvordes
A greater force, then haue speares, lances, svordes.
They can and doe, vvith their sole voices found,
Cast battlements of *Iericho* to ground.

Mat. 18.

Io. 21.

VWhat are these vvals, these battlements dovne cast,
By sacred povvre of Priests forgiuing blast?
The vvals are sin, the bulvarkes sin, sins guilt,
Hovvses, vvhereof proud *Hiericho* is built.
But hovvses, bulvarkes, vvals, yea the vvhole tovvne,
As Priests doe blovv their trumpets, are cast dovne.

I should describe, eake hovv the seuen-fold foe,
By I E S V S conqu' red, doth in myst'rie shevv,
Our deadly enemies: in number seau'n,
VWhich must bee conquer'd, 'fore vve enter heau'n:
Those kept the Israelites from promist land,
In our pretences these against vs stand.

VWhat artes, vvhat stratagems doth I E S V S vse?
As hee the vvarlike Chananites subdues?
To fight against vice rooted in the hart,
A speciall science is, a speciall art:

VWhich I E S V S doth, communicate to his:
By vvhom the promist land obtained is.

Then to describe the armie of our foe,
In vvhat disord' red order he doth goe.
Hovv against him great I E S V S soldiers fight.
Is subject for a holie Muse to vvrite,
But vvee must leaue it to some happie vvitt,
(Ours is not such) or to some time more fit:

Agg. 1. And speake of I E s v s vvho the People lead,
 Zach. 1. VVhen they from Babilon did homeward tread.
 Esdr. 3. And freeing them from proud Asyrias thrall,
 Repair'd the Temple, and built Sions VVall:
 For Records count, that the infernall King,
 His Troupes against Ierusalem did bring.
 2. Paral. 36. And vvith the Cannon shot of deadly sinne
 4. Reg 25 Making a Breach, the Cittie entred in.
 Howv many of the Tovvnesmen left he dead?
 The rest vvith him to Babilon he lead:
 VVhere vvretched soules, forgetting natiue house,
 Forgetting Sions God, they doe carouse
 Apoc. 1. In the VVhores Cuppe, and drunke vvith Babell vvine,
 To Babels Idols, honours giue diuine.
 1. Jo. 2. The lusts of flesh, some doe adore; some Gold
 VVith the Kings Picture fac'de, for their God hold.
 The three enemies of the soule. Others doe build their Churches in the ayre,
 1. Jo. 2. VVhere they place honors Idol, all their care
 Is to ascend, and vvith a bended knee
 Praie the false God propitious to bee;
 4. Reg. 17. Each Man, as once in Salmanazars daies,
 A proper Idol hath, and to it praies.
 Our I E s v s seeing this vvith holy zeale
 Of Fathers glorie, vvill procure the vveale
 Of these blinde vvretches: hee'le indure no more
 VVith Gods dishonour they such Gods adore.
 And first vvith cunning hand of heau'nly might
 He doth restore the blinde vnto their sight,
 And makes them see their Gods vveare made of stone,
 VVood, and like trump'rie, in them life had none
 Inraged vvith themselves their vvraith they vvreake
 Vpon the Idols, and their Puppets breake
 In peeces: this being done, they doe conspire
 To burne the Reliques vvith an Holy fire
 Of diuine Loue. Then doth our I E s v s shevv
 The vvay to Sion, and before them goe:

VVhere

VWhere being come, and pittying to see
Hovv the faire Cittie valls destroyed bee.
The houses ruin'd, and the Church cast dovvn,
Nothing but desolation in the Tovvne:
He himselve vesteth vvith apparrell base,
And clothed so, begins to vvorke apase,
Exhorting his to doe in euerie thing,
As they see him to doe, their Prince, their King;
I cannot tell vvhat an effectuall force
To moue mens harts is in the virtuous course
Of Magistrates: each one thinkes it a grace
To vvorke vvith I E S V S, vvith him to be base
Cloth'd as their leader is, they fall to vvorke,
And helpe their I E S V S to build vp his Kirke.

My *Pegasus* is vvearie of his flight,
VWherefore my Muse, for some short space alite,
And vvilst the lade doth rest his lazie bones,
Let vs contemplate of vvhat VVood, vvhat Stones,
VVhat forme, vvhat matter the nevv Church is built,
VVhat Moyse vvorke it hath, hovv it is guilt:
And first if vve behold vvith curious Eye
VVhat the foundation is, vve shall descric
The same to be a mightie Rocke of Stone
So great, and of such vveight that God alone
Could bring it thither: no created might
Can moue it thence: Gates of eternall might
Can do't no harme, no force can make it shrinke,
But vvho falls on this Rocke shall split and sinke,
Asking a vvorkman of the name, he saith,
This Rock icleped is Saint P E T E R S F A I T H.

On this foundation is built vp a VVall,
Inuironing the Church, vvich vve vvill call
Firme Hope: So strongly made on euerie side,
That it all injuries of Stormes shall bide.
No blustering persecution can it shake,
No tempting spirit, no rough vvinde can make

A descrip-
tion of the
Catholike
Church,
beginning
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Mat. 16.

The vvall
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4 *A Poëme of the Holie name*

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Mat. 16.

The vvalls
Hope.

This VVall to shrink; nay eu'ry aduerse blast,
 (Ovvonderful !) doth make it stand more fast;
 And though this *Hope* seeme to be founded lov
 Vpon the humble C R O S S E; yet you must know
 The vvorkemen still vvill eleuate the vvall
 Till it doe æquall high I E H O V A S Hall.

The rooffe
 Charitie.

Looke vp my Muse, if thou canst looke so high,
 And to the Temples cou'ring cast thy Eye
 VVhich thou shalt see made all of purest gold,
 Adorne the vvorke, and vvalls together hold.

Jacob. 5.

This Rooffe is *Charitie*, vvho is a lover
 Others defects vvill guild, his ovvne faults couer.
 Loue is amongst all Mineralls the best,

2. Parel. 9.

The Ophir vvhere it grooves is a good brest.

Jerem. 10.

Humilitie the Earth in vvhich most lov,

-girdle A

As mines are vvont, this pretious Gold doth grow.

of the non

God hath ordain'd this Mettall should so deepe,

of the non

Lye buried in the Earth, that he may keepe

of the non

It safe from Theeves: *Vaine-glorie* and *selfe-love*

of the non

Soone vvould it steale, laie it the ground aboue.

of the non

The Marchants also must in digging sweate,

of the non

Before they can so rich a treasure get.

The Sacra-

ment of

Baptisme,

is the dore

by vvhich

vvce enter

into the

Church.

Jo. 19.

The effects

of Bap-

tisme.

But that vvhich made my Muse astonisht more,

VVas to behold a strange conceited Dore:

This vvas forsooth an euer-running floud,

A floud saie I? a mightie Sea of bloud

VVhich vvhen our I E S V S in Caluaria dide,

Did issue foorth his vvith Launce perced side.

As vve the vvaters of this Ocean vievv,

Behold a stranger vvonder doth ensue:

A Black-more borne, vvhere *Phæbus* too much vvarmes,

Full of diseases, hauing in his armes

A leprous Infant, in this streame his limmes,

And the Child vvasheth, then hee thorough svvimmes:

VVhen presently they both are cur'de both sound,

No spot, no Vlcere in their flesh is found..

Amaz'd

Amaz'd vvee stand, vwhen see an Indian Foule,
In blacker body, hauing a vvorse soule,
Doth as the former through the Riuer passe,
VVhen he is made more vvwhite then Christall glasse.
Good God saie I, are ELIZÆVS yeares.

4. Reg. 5.

Againe reuolu'd? Iordan againe appeares
In vvwhose faire streames vvwhilest N A M A A N doth bath,
Hee cured is, nev v flesh, nev v body hath:

Or comes our I E S V S to the Pond againe,
VVhere for the Sacrifice much Sheepe vvas slaine,
VVith vvaters motion virtue to bestovve,
To make foule Lepers cleane, lame Crepels goe?

10. 5.

This Church hath vvindowves, prudence, vvifdome eie
Discretion, vvwhich our motions doth descric,
VVhether from God, good Angel, or our selfe,
They come, or from the vvorld, and Hellish Elfe.
Discretion teaching vvhen vvee ought to goe,
Into the field, vvhen to decline our foe.

The intel-
lectual vir-
tues, are
the vvwin-
dovves of
the church

For some sins must be ouer-come by fight,
Others must vanquisht be by prudent flight.

1. Cor. 6.

So I O S V A N did thinke, flight the best vvay
To get the victorie against proud Haie.

10f. 8.

Nor thinke it shame to runne avvaie from sinne,
VVee knovv the Parthians flie, yet the field vvinne.
Though CÆS A R did from ALEX A N D R I A fvvim,
Yet none of Covvardise dares censure him.

Of Machabeus it vvas the least grace,
Against so manie troopes to keepe his place.

1. Mach. 9.

VVifemen doe judge too hotspurlike that fire,
VVhich scornes or knovves not sometimes to retire.
VVho vvifely saues himselfe may fight againe,
VVhat good can he doe more, vvho once is slaine.

In this blest Church, nevver sad darkenesse came,
For in the midst doth stand a Holy Lambe,
VVho vvith his Raies giuing a constant light,
Chaseth avvaie the horror of darke night.

Apo. 21.

A descrip-
tion of the
Lampe.

Hee

Hee doth illustrate all vvith beames of grace;
 But chiefly, vvhen as many in this place
 In I E S V S holy name assembled joyne,
 And all their strengths in Vnitie combine;
 Called together for some vrgent cause,
 As generall contempt of Holie Lavves,
 Or some vile Beast departing from the rest,
 Doth seeke the flocke vvith Errors to inuest:
 Some rauenous Beare, some Foxe, some sensuall Svvine,
 Doth vvith his Tuskes vnder the Temple mine,
 That so (but t's impossible) vvith vvall
 The intire Fabrique might together fall.
 Such *Arius* vvas, *Nestorius* long since,
Iouinian, *VVitcliffe*, and the like, frem vvhence
 The svvinish broode of this our present Age,
 In their Sires vizardes plaie on the vvorlds stage,
 VVhere they doe acte, the digging parte so vvell
 That alvvaies the last Scene doth end in Hell.
 VVho doth together this graue Senate call,
 And sits as President aboue them all,
 On vvhose descision questions doe depend,
 In vvhose last sentence Controuersies end,
 Is the Lambes Viceroye, in the Romaine Chaire,
 Lavvfull successor, and Saint Peters heire..
 To vvhom our I E S V S hath such povv'r giu'n,
 That vvhat hee here doth, is confir'md in heu'n:
 P E T E R rule thou for mee great I E S V S saies,
 Of Sions Cittie I giue thee the Keies:
 (Fond Sectaries this common truth conceiue,
 VVho Keies accept, authoritie receiue,)
 Alvvaies by him the Holy Ghost doth stand,
 And euer as he vvrites, directs his hand.
 So that vvhat e're in doubtfull points he saith,
 Must be embrac'd as Article of Faith:
 VVhat e'are he doth command is good, and ought
 To be perform'd, vvhat he forbids is naught:

Howv

Hovv many Beasts, hovv many vvicked men
Hath he destroyed only vvith his Pen?

Therefore as heretofore vvhen Syrias King,
His Army against Israel did bring,
He did commaund his Soldiars to fight
Against sole *Achab*, him alone to smite.
Let the meane sorte, saith *Benadad* alone,
Against the King of Israell each one,
Direct his force, if he be kil'd or yeald,
Ours is the day, vvee gotten haue the field.

3. Reg. 22.
2. Paral. 18

Sinne, Atheisme, Heresie, Infernall Ghoasts,
Proclaiming vvarre against the God of Hoasts,
To ruinate that Cittie, vvwhich his hand
Hath built, and mauger gates of Hell shall stand,
Obseruing that their Troupes a daily harme,
Receiue by PETERs heau'nly guided arme,
Chiefly on him they doe their furie vvreake,
At him they shoot, on him their Launces breake.
Proud *Herod*, and the first begotten Son
Of Satan, *Simon Magus* thus haue don:
Neroes and *Dioclesians* shall tell,
How odious *Cephas* is to feindes of Hell.
In battaile raye, none against IESVS goe,
But they proclaime themselues first PETERs foe,
Knowing if struck vvith Errors darte he die,
CHRISTs Army vvith his losse dismaid vvill flie.

The hate
of here-
tikes and
schisma-
tikes to
the sea of
Rome.
Mat. 16.

Act. 12.

Your malice is in vaine Tartarean feindes,
IESVS vvith loue his substitute defends;
Firme-faith the sheild is, vvwhich repells all blowes,
Gods promise is the svvord vvwhich kils all foes:
Hee is th'approued pretious corner stone,
VVhich Ievves and Gentiles doth conjoyne in one.
Proud scandals rocke, on vvwhich vvhat shipps shall hit,
They suffer shipvvrack, and in peeces split.

Mat. 16.

Pf. 117.

Rom. 9.

1. Pet. 2.

10 . *A Poëme of the Holie name*

The schy-
sme of the
Grecian
Church
from the
Latins.

- Fairest *Bizantium*, Easterne Monarkes seat,
Glorie of Britaines *Constantine* the great,
VWho first in Eagles place, against proud foe,
Our I E S V S C R O S S E in *Labarum* durst shoe;
Let mee shed teares, vwhen I reuolue thy fate,
VWhy vveart thou not contented vvith thy state?
To sou'raingty vvhy doest thou so aspire?
Then God would haue thee, why wouldst thou be higher?
- Mat. 18.* P E T E R, not thou must vveare the triple Crovvne,
VWho doe exalt themselues, shall tumble dovne.
The tribes beguil'd by H I E R O B O A M S art,
3. Reg. 12. From I V D A S royall progeny doe part;
And scorning to haue D A V I D S Sonne their King;
Scepter and Crovvne to I E R O B O A M bring:
And though it vvas expresse I E H O V A's vvill,
Is. 4. That in no place but holy Sions hill.
They should obserue their Neomenian Feasts,
And sacrifice their Hecatombes of beasts:
The tipick bloud of Paschal Lambe be spilt,
Luc. 2. In that sole Church vvhich S A L O M O N had built:
In Salems streats so many times each yeare,
Dilated I A C O B S of-spring must appeare.
And none but those vvho are of Leuis race,
Numb. 18. Shall in the Temple haue a Church-mans place;
VWhen Israels sons amongst themselues contend,
By A A R O N S verdict must the question end.
Desire of sou'raigntie, and Empires cause,
Makes *Ieroboam* breake these holy lavves,
Hee'le haue high places, and inuent a God,
3. Reg. 12. VWhich hath free'd Israel from P H A R O E S rod;
B E T H E L and D A N, shall haue tvvo Calues of gold,
Ose. 4. And many Idols shall *Bethauen* hold:
His Pursuants such passengers shall staie,
VWho rovvards Ierusalem doe take their vvaie:

For

For Tyrant thinkes his Crowne not to sit fast,
Should *Ephraim* and *Iudas* friendship last,
Hee makes vnvorthie vvights the incense burne,
To plaie the Priest any shall serue the turne,
Diuided thus sin,vpon sin they add,
And though afflictions often make them sad:
Yet no *E L I A S*, no *Affyrian* rod,
Can make the stiffe-neck'd tribes returne to God:
Vntill at last great *Salmanazar* came,
VVhip of Gods furie, guerdon of their shame,
VWho vvith vvars-svvord, the Infants bloud doth spill,
Defloures their Virgins, and their vvarriors kill:
And vvhere his murth'ring furie doth not range,
They death for greater miserie doe change:
Hauing the markes of slaues, gyues on their hands,
They are led captiue vnto forreine lands,
VWherein eternall seruitude they spend
Their vvofull daies:in seruitude they end
Their vvretched liues. But *Iuda* shall be taught,
VWith short captiuitie,to mend his fault.
Though Babels Monarcke lead to Memphis tovvne.
Subjects and King, yet vvhen his Son fals dovvne,
From Empires top, the *Persian* Kings shall giue,
Iudæa leaue, home to returne and liue
In Sions tovvnes:but *Ephraims* vvicked race
Shall ne're come backe vnto their dvvelling place.
VWho did refuse to honour *D A V I D S* throne,
Vnder Idolaters opprest shall grone.

4.Reg. 12.

4.Reg. 17

4.Reg. ult.

Dan 5.
1.Esd 1.

Isai. 14

Thinke Grecian Dame, my verse of thee hast spoke
VWho from thy hautie necke hath cast the yoke
Of diuine Order, and in Northern ayre,
Exalted hast vvith Lucifer thy Chaire:

The Gre-
cian, and
Easterne
Church,
fitly com-

pared to Samaria, and the ten tribes revolted, from the house of David: vvhic
carried into Captiuitie, neuer returned back, according to the more receiued opi-
nion of interpreters.

Psal. 10.

Thinking to meane a Patriarchall seate
 Aboue thy merits graunted; yet more great
 Thou striu'st to bee: and casting PETER dovvne,
 On thy ambitious head, dar'st vveare his Crovvne,
 Carried in emptie Clouds of a proud hart,
 Thou leau'st Christs sheepfold, & from Church dost part

2 Pet. 2.
 The Greek
 Church
 often re-
 conciled,
 and againe
 relapsed in
 to schisme

IESVS our humble God, doth from his throne,
 VVith angrie eyes behold tvvo made of one;
 Hee hateth schisme, and hath this sentence fixt,
 The proud shall drinke a Cup vvith much vvoe mixt.
 Thinke the incursions of the Sarzen King,
 VVeare gentle rods, thee back againe to bring.
 And knowv that as thy schisme and sin did grovv,
 So likevvise did increase thy plagues, thy vvoe.
 Hovv oft didst thou thy heresies forsvveare?
 Hovv oft didst thou returne to PETERS Chaire?
 Hovv oft didst thou againe vvith the foule Hog
 VVallovv in myre, hovv often vvith the Dog
 Returne to vomit? but Gods patient hand
 Can hold no longer: h'eele no longer stand
 VVaiting repentance, lenitie must cease,
 VVhen often vvrongs admit no speech of peace.
 Barbarians shall be scourges of thy sin,
 Fierce Mahomet shall proud Bizantium vvin,
 Thy *Cesar* murd' red in the streets shall die,
 VVhere heapes of vngrau'de Citizens shall lie.
 At a high price some vvretches buy their liues,
 VVith goods losse, and dishonour in their vviues.
 Thy Romane Eagles yealde to Turkish Moone,
 In Churches rights of Mahomet are done.

Isa. 14.

In fine thou suff'rest vvhatsoever harmes
 Vse to attend a cruell conq'rours Armes,
 And vvho aloft vvith Lucifer vvould'st dvvell,
 VVith rebell Angel, tumblest dovvne to Hell,

Thy

of I E S V S. Lib. I.

Thy shame confusion is, lavvlesse desires,
 In practise put; are thy tormenting fires,
 Thy Conscience is the vvorme, the Diuels Turkes,
 The fires fuell is schisme and euill vvorkes:
 VVith enuie thy teeth gnash (part of thy paine)
 To see thy riual in such glorie raigne:
 Darknesse, thy ignorance, and vvant of grace,
 Disordred Passions, horror of the place;
 Thoughts of despaire, thy miseries attend
 To thinke this seruitude shall neuer end:
 For vvho in schisme didst vvith Samaria fall,
 VVith her must suffer an eternall thrall.
 But *Rome* is D A V I D s house, the *Goth*, the *Hun*
 VVith Citties spoyle, shall punish faults, vvwhich done,
Adaulphus leading his fierce Goths to Spaine,
 C H R I S T s Vice-roye, to his *Rome* shall come againe,
 VVhere hee shall sit on D A V I D s promised seate,
 And giue just Lavves, vvhilst Sun giues vvonted heat.

To decke the Church a cunning vvorkeman paints,
 The liuely Images of diuers Saincts.
 But vvhat doth make most glorious shevv of all,
 Is I E S V S name, vvritten on euerie vvall.
 There see vvee P A V L E, the name of I E S V S hold,
 Diuinely stampd in characters of gold:
 VVhich flying through the vvorld vvith Cherubs vvings
 Hee carries before Potentates and Kings.

Ile not vvith *Silius* goe to *Maroes* graue,
 And at his dust a holy fury craue,
 To praise this vessell; but Ile aske to share
 A part of C H R Y S O S T O M E S Cælestiall ayre.
 That svveetly guided by his serious sp'rite,
 As they require, I maie P A V L E s praises vvrite.
Pythagoras savv no *Troie*, yet vvish I,
 His vvittie transmigrations vvpeare no lie.

13 The Greek
 Church
 since their
 schisme,
 haue suf-
 fered ma-
 ny mise-
 ries, and
 haue had
 none or
 very few
 learned
 men a-
 mongst
 them.
Zach. 12.

Pf. 88.

VVhat pi-
 ctures are
 in the Ca-
 tholike
 Church.
Ad. 9.

S. Iohn
 Chryso-
 stom, ex-
 traordina-
 rily deuo-
 ted to S.
 Paule.

That vvhil'ft I treat of fuch renovvned men,
Some *Heroes* fpirit might direct my pen.

2. Cor. 11 Let his deuotes commend him for his zeale,
Or that he hath fspread I E S V S common vveale,
Throughout the vvorld, afflictions, fporrovves, bandes,
Yea vvhat not fuffred, both on fea and landes,
A^{ct.} 9 The loue and chiefest object of my mufe,
Shall be becaufe our I E S V S did P A V L E chufe,
A fpeciall trumpet to found out his fame,
And blazon through the vvorld great I E S V S name,
Exalting him vvith this peculiar grace,
For I E S V S name to fuffer in each place.
O three-times happie man vvhom I E S V S chofe!
For I E S V S royall name to fuffer vvoes.

Ep. ad Rom. As others praife him for his vvritings fake,
A title of their eminence they take,
Because proud Ievves and Gentiles he makes knowv,
That vvho disguif'd in feruants fhape did goe,
Ep. ad Heb. VVas the M E S S I A S their Creatours Son,
VVho for tranfgreffion vvith mankind had done,
A ranfome pai'd: ftrong reasons he doth frame,
Ep. ad Gal: To fhev v that nature, and the lavv are lame,
The name of I E S V S And neuer can tovwards heau'nly Sion tread,
obferued If I E S V S grace doe not them thether lead.
to be a- But his Epiftles, I aboue the reft,
boue vvou Commend and faie, that they are therefore beft,
hundreh Because in e'ury leafe, yea line is found,
times' in S. Of I E S V S name, the eares vvell pleafing found.
Pauls E- Triumphant Martirs, are dravvne all in red,
piftles. Each hauing a Baye Garland on his head,
Apoc. 4. VVhich at the Lambes feete humblie cafting dovvn,
The Mir- They him acknowvledge giuer of their Crovvne.
tirs are de- In the firft place as Captaine of the band,
fcribde. Doth glorious S T E P H E N promartir ftand.

VVho

VWho vvhil'st the multitude stones at him throwes,
 Prayeth to IESVS for his cruell foes.
 No spiteful Ievv, more svviftly flings a stone,
 Then his loue-darts ascend to Heau'ns high Throne,
 VWhere falling lov v before the seate of grace,
 They humblie beg, that mercie may haue place,
 And hovv they speed, vv'eele aske of furious Saule,
 VWho shall hereafter be a Preaching P A V L E.
 S E B A S T I A N eke, shot through vvith many Dart,
 Instructeth Gentlemen to plaie a part
 In true-loues stage, that others fall not dovvn,
 He labours, and so gets a Martyrs Crovvne.
 Neere to S E B A S T I A N, seeing a voyde place,
 VVee aske vvho they are shall haue so much grace,
 To stand nigh I E S V S champion, and are told,
 Our English Noble men, that roome shall hold.
 As no goods losse, no deaths feare could them quayle,
 No dangers make in I E S V S faith to fayle,
 For though not equall vvith the Martyrs rovve,
 Yet as stout Squires of Martyr-Knights they goe.
 As vvee these Champions vievv vvith curious eye,
 Amongst them vvee a Ladie doe espie,
 VVhose Crovvnes proclayme, shee ruled sundry lands,
 But historie complaines, of sauage hands:
 The Armes of Scotland, and French Lilies teach,
 That o're these Kingdomes her commaund did reach.
 VVritten in bloudie Characters vvee read,
 (Heauens vveepe, vvhilst I recount so foule a deed)
 That shee, vvhose head vvee see on this sad stage,
 From body cut, to satisfie the rage
 Of barb'rous foes; vvhilst shee did liue had been,
 F R A N C I S of France his vvife, and Scotlands Queene.
 And though her stile of Majestie vv as such,
 Yet prophane hands, durst Gods anoynted touch,

Act. 7.
 S. Pauls
 conuersio,
 vv as the
 effect of
 S. Stephās
 Prayer, ac-
 cording to
 S. Austin.

Act. 9.

The Mar-
 tyrdome
 of M A R I E
 Queene
 of Scor-
 land,
 and Mo-
 ther, to
 our Soue-
 raigne
 K. Iames.

As

2. Reg. 2.

As if no sacred Oyle had bene shed,
 By holy Prelate on her Princely head,
 Vnto the Scaffold brought, (ô cruell deed!)
 By the sharpe Axes blovv, shee there doth bleed,
 Heau'ns did yee shine, vvas there a vvicked Sun
 To lend a daie, vvhil'st such a deed vvas done?
 Surely all things as rul'd by a nev v force,
 Did goe retrograde to Natures course.

Gen. 6.

And as vvhen Man, Iehouah did offend,
 The vniuers for Mans offence did end
 Againe so many Lavves in one foule fact,
 Being infring'de in pennance of the Act,
 All things are taught to goe an other vvaie,
 In the accustom'd order nought doth staie.

The Maie-
 stie of the
 Lacede-
 monian

Kings, vvas
 so religi-
 oustie re-
 uerenced,
 that euen
 their ene-
 mies in
 the open
 field, de-
 clined frō
 fighting
 against
 their roy-
 all persons

The pious Spartans euermore deni'de,
 In battaile *Theopompus* to haue di'de,
 They thought though millions of meane persons die,
 Yet death durst not approach great Monarchs nigh.
 And deem'd his Kingly Majestie a sheild,
 Able to saue his life in bloudie field;
 And can it bee a person of such state,
 Amongst her friends, should finde so hard a fate?
Tiberius fearefull of his after fame,
 Hated Historians vvho vvould blase his name.
 And teach posteritie in this, and this,
Tiberius vvhil'st he liu'd did doe amisse.
 That yeare vvhen this vvas done (ye learned Men)
 Forget to handle an Historians Pen.
 Doe not instruct the vvorld that England durst,
 Performe a Deed, of all bad Deeds the vvorst.
 Not, but I read that Monarchs haue bene kil'd,
 And the Majestike blood vnjustly spil'd
 But still the Murderers haue carefull been,
 That such impietie should not be seen,

VVhen

VWhen vvee in Counsell sit, and in cold bloud
 Deliberate, as if the Act vvere good.
 The sentence giu'n, vvee iustifie the fact,
 By publike execution of the Act.
 But vvhat's the cause for vvwhich they shed her bloud?
 This one for-sooth, because shee vvas so good;
 And the vvorld knevv, vvhat right shee had to raigne,
 These are the reasons, vvherefore shee vvas flaine.
 Should *Herod* knowv, that I E S V S is Gods Son,
 VVould hee doe lesse thinke you then he hath done?
 Curst be ambition, vvwhich vvill knowv no lavves,
 Curst be suspition in a Kingdomes cause.
 But as proud *Iades* shall trample vvith their feet,
 Good *Seruius* carcase, in the VVICKED STREET;
 And *Tullia* hasting to set on her head,
 Romes Diadem on Fathers corps dares tread:
 VVee vvill not vvonder vvhen for Kingdomes crowne
 VVee see the Lavves of God and Man cast dovne.
 That vvaters doe not ouer-vvhelme our land,
 And Neptune svim, vvhere Englands Ile doth stand,
 That yet no greater vengeance hath bene seene:
 VV'eele thanke thy prayers, vntimely butcher'd Queene.
 Shall vvee vvith teares bedevv thy Royall Hearse,
 Blame the too-hastie fates vvith mournefull verse.
 The Sisters aske, hovv they durst vse a Knife
 So soone to cut thy golden thread of life?
 VVee vvould doe thus, but that faith makes vs knowv,
 Glories rich Crowne, vvas giu'n thee by that blow
 VVhich tooke thy life avvaie; so *Ammons* pride,
 Prepares a horse, for *Mordechee* to ride.
 Our teares vvwhich els should alvvaies flowv, are done,
 VVhen vve behold our I A M E S, thy glorious Son,
 VVho as just N O A H amongst mortalls best,
 Shall giue our sorrovves end, our labours rest.

Mar. 2.

Est. 6.

C

His

Gen. 5.

His Parent LAMECH did of him fore-tell,
That in his blessed time, things should goe vvell.

A short
descriptiō
of the Do-
ctors of the
Church.

Renovvned PRINCE, so vse thy Royall Pen,
That vve may place thee 'mongst these learned Men:
Our Churches Doctors, vwho next Martirs stand,
A siluer Pen, each hauing in his hand.

Above their heads, houers a holy Doue,
VWhich dictates lessons full of vvitt and loue.

If to thy Harpe vveare added one more string,
Then thou, no Svvan could more diuinely sing.
But vvee haue hope all numbers novv shall meet
To make thy Musique absolutely svveet.

Thou DELUS Oracle of thy life time,
Thou Sun, thou starre of parched Afriques clime:
Our Churches Pearle, bred in thy mothers eyes,
Againe begotten by a sea of cries.

S. Austin
conuer-
ted by his
mothers
Teares.

Great AVSTEN, shall I vvith more vvondring eye,
Behold thee vvhen thy Muse doth mount on high,
Or loue thee more vvhen thou dost creepe so lovve,
As doe thy humble Retractations shevv?

To thinke amisse is fraile-Mans common case,
To change for better, is a speciall grace.

VVe de-
scribe the
Confessors

And can vve thinke more forcible, more good,
The teares of loue, then a best Martyrs blood.

Pf 44.
Edvvard
the Con-
fessour, a
Prince de-
voted to
God, and
the good
of his countrie,

The Desert Citizens vveare also there,
Some cloth'd vvith leaues, others vvith shirts of hayre:

Their visages all pale, their bodies thin,
Proclayme their greatest glorie is vvithin.

Their simple out-sides giue abundant shevves,
That they to vvorld and flesh vveare alvvayes foes,

Heere also vvee our English EDVVARD knowv,
Mongst formest plac'de in the *Confessors rovv*.

selected the flower and best of all the constitutions & lavvs,
established vnder the auntient Britaines, Romaines, Saxons, and Danes, and put
them in one body or volume, vvwhich he called *Leges populares*.

A scepter in his hand, o'ns head a Crowne,
Yee gentle Heau'ns, raine manie EDVVARDS dovvn;
VVho to our Britaine, vpright lawes may giue,
And teach their People, as they doe to liue.

Great CHARLES the *second Hope of Northern clime*,
Ordain'd by God, to blesse the present time,
Of EDVVARD learne, that subjects best obey,
VVhen they see Majestrates, first doe, then saie.
Such Edicts moue Mens harts, though vvritten short,
VVhich first are practi'zd in the Princes Court
Of EDVVARD learne, that only hee's a King,
VVho doth his Passions in subjection bring.
Princes Dominions, may from Parents take,
To be a Saint, virtue alone can make.

In that strange statue, vvich great *Babels King*,
In vision sees, each lim, each part, each thing
As they growv higher, so in goodnesse growv,
VVhich Potentates, and greater men doth shevv,
That vnto honour should be joynd this grace,
To growv in goodnesse, as they growv in place.
The head vvas best of mettals, purest gold,
You the heads place, amongst your subjects hold
Be gold in loue, be better then the rest,
VVhat e're your people are, be you the best.

Dan. 4

But it may be a Patron of thy name,
Allures thee rather, Fraunce shall giue the same.
CHARLES surnam'd great, for his renovvned facts,
Thou hast his name, haue thou his stile, his Acts.
Let vs behold thee vvith thy conq'uring bands,
Reuoke to IESVS, faith reuolting landes.
VVith the fift CHARLES *Achilles* of our daies,
Beyond *Alcides* Pillars, *Tropheies* raise,
Plus vltra be thy motto, thy armes tend,
And vvhere the vvorld, there let thy Empire end.

C 1

Be

Charle- Bee euermore victorious, euer great,
 maine co- Euer obedient to Saint PETER S seate.
 strained May Romaine Prelate make our England glad,
 the Sa- As to thy Lyons hee shall Eagles ad,
 xons to And vvith high titles, thy braue house aduance,
 embrace As he hath done to *Charlemaine* of Fraunce.
 the Chri- Loose Matchiauels, and Atheists you mistake,
 stian faith. Rome vseth to giue Realmes, and Kefars make,
 Hee vvas Not to abuse the povv'r of triple Crovvne,
 made Em- By foule injustice, casting Princes dovvn.
 perour by Leo the By Romes authoritie, *Otho* the great,
 thrd. In Germanie did fixe the Empires seate.
 Otho
 crownded *Henrie Aniou*, *Plantaginet* his childe,
 by Iohn By *ADRIAN S* gift, is Lord of Ireland stild'e.
 the 12. Thy royall Ancestors, vvhat better name,
 The Ele- Then Faiths defender haue? vvho gaue the same?
 ctors or- The Cath'like title, vvhat a splendor brings,
 dained by Gregorie To the stil Conquering Hesperian Kings?
 the fift. So Capers race of Christian stile more brags,
 Henry the 8. ho- Then of the Lilies, in their royall flags.
 noured by Faiths champion, Christian Catholike, these three,
 Leo the Most glorious titles be combin'd'e in thee.
 10. vvith Besides my vvishes, O that I could giue,
 the title of defender Then thou there should no greater Monarke liue.
 of the *Momus* found fault (and I vvould take his part,
 Faith. VVeart not against my God) that each mans hart,
 The title VVhart not a vvindovve, that the vvorld might see,
 of Catho- VVhat realties therein inuolued bee.
 like vvas Then the slie hypocrite durst not speake faire,
 giuen, or VVhen from smooth vvords, his thoughts dissenting are.
 rather ha-
 ving bene discontinued: vvas restored to Ferdinand, and Isabella, by Alexander the sixt.
 The kings of France, by concession of the Apostolike See, haue kept the title of
 most Christian, which vvas giuen to Carolus Martellus, vvhom Gregorie the
 third in one, and the same Epistle, vvise so stileth.

Your

Your Courtly Gallant, durst not your hands kisse,
 VVhen in his hart, all rancour lodged is.
 False *Iudas* durst not to his Maister bow,
 VVith apish complements, protest, svveare, vovv,
 Heape on him blessings, vvish a vvorld of good,
 VVhen in his purse, the price is of his blood.
 Heere I could vvish my breast vvere made of glasse,
 That so thy Royall sight (great Prince) might passe,
 Into my soule, and see that I vvould doe
 As I doe vvish, had I a povv'r thereto.
 But IESVS loue (I hope) hath made me poore,
 And hauing vvished, I can doe no more.

Luc. 22.

BESELEEL Virgins carues of Iu'rie bone,
 Of such King SALOMON did make his throne
 An Eliphant, then vvhich no beast doth liue
 More temperate, more vvise, his tooth doth giue:
 If in Elections vvisdome hath chiefe place,
 By Virgins choise, vvee'le censure of their grace.
 They need not enuie PHAROE'S daughters lot,
 VVho for their Spouse, Gods vvifest Son haue got.
 VVho can sufficiently describe hovv chaste
 These are, vvho as terrestiall Angels pla'st
 In our lovve Heau'n through contemplation see
 All things in Earth contemptible to be;
 In God they doe behold, as in a glasse,
 Hovv all delights doe like a shadowv passe:
 Shadowvs leaue nought behind: th'are black, th'are fowle
 Pleasures of flesh, hovv blacke make they the sovvle:
 They in one instant end, in one begin,
 Behind them nothing leaue, but guilt of sin.
 And tell me vvhat is sin? nothing at all.
 VVhat e're is extant in the ample Ball
 Of this large vvorld, God made, and God vvas glad,
 That by his making hand it being had,

3. Reg.

The excell-
 lencie of
 Virgins, &
 Virginitie.
Pf. 44.

An inue-
 stigue a-
 gainst sin.

Io. 1.

Gen. 3.

Only thou misbegotten Monster sin,
 As Bastards vse to doe, cam'st stealing in,
 Ashamed of thy birth: God neuer put
 Least finger to thy being; Hell vvas shut,
 Thou vvert the Key to open it: Day-light
 Thy birth did turne into eternall night.

Job. 3.

Curst be thy birth-daie, neuer it appeare,
 Nor be it reco'nd 'mongst daies of the yeare:

Like *Atreus* feasts, doe thou *Apollo* scarre,
 Abhorring thee, let him turne backe his Carre.

Job ib.

Thy hate make *Titan* hide himselfe, and staie,
 T'vvixt *Thetis* armes, more then his vvonted daie:

Be thou expected, and as thou dost fayle,
 Of them be cursed, vvho doe chase the VVhale!

Let Starres that daie borrovv no light of Sun,
 And the sad Moone forget her course to run.

The vniuerse be on that blacke daie sad,
 That thou vve'rt borne, let only Hell be glad.

O that our Curses, vvich on thee doe lye,
 Could turne thee to a sempiternall night.

An Apo-
 strophe to
 Eve.

Gen. 3.

VVee vvill be angrie vvith thee vvretched Eve,

The mother of this Childe, thou did'st concieue,

The Monstrous Bastard, Satan vvas his sire,

But yee adult'rous couple doe conspire,

And vvith such flights contriue the matter, that

ADAM must Father, the mis-gotten brat.

Of the
 transgres-
 sion of our
 first pa-
 rents.

Gen. 3.

Fond vvoman, God made thee of the Mans bone,

To helpe him that he should not be alone:

This vvas your end, and you performe it vvell,

You helpe him; but in vvhat? to goe to Hell.

No sooner vveare you made, but you must vvalk,

To recreat your selfe, and enter talke.

VVith

VWith Satan: vwhen your bellies full of chat,
 You cast your eyes, novv on this fruit, novv that:
 The Diuell by the vvan dring of your eye,
 That your teeth vvater, presently doth spie,
 And vvith much kindnes doth an Apple pare,
 Praies you to taste it, and to giue a share
 To your Good-man (for so good manners vvill)
 It vvill suffice yea both to eat your fill.

O foolish Man! VWhat dost thou meane? that bit
 Hath many poysons, many Hels in it.
 Trust not the lookes, although it please the Eye:
 Millions of Miseries, in it doe lye.
 Trust not thy Palate, though it doe tast vvell,
 It vvill not be digested, but in Hell.
 Hee scarce doth eat it, vvhen infernall Gates,
 VWith violence flye open, iron grates
 Of Hell are burst, anxieties, cares, feares,
 Sorrovv vvith all her vveeping Children, teares:
 Suspition, jealousie, lavvles desire:
 Vnbridled lust: pretentions to aspire,
 Fond joyes, sad discontent at present state,
 Auersion from good, anger, enuie, hate,
 Darknesse of mind, peruersitie of vvill,
 And vvhat in both, can be suspected ill:
 These Monsters, vvith their pale Commander Death,
 (Kept hetherto as Prisoners beneath,
 And neuer should haue seene the light of Sun)
 Hearing vvhat Man against his God hath done,
 Scorne longer to obey grimme *Plutoes* Lavves,
 But they vvill forth, and vindicate Gods cause.
 VWhat hauck amongst Rebels doe they make,
 How many soules send dovvne to stygian lake?

The effects
 of Origina
 ll sinne.

By

By the effects judge A D A M of thy fault,
 These mischiefs are the purchase thou hast bought,
 Corruption is the house, the land large vvoes,
 In vvvhich though vvith teares vvat red, no good grovves
 At hover of death, making thy latest vvill,
 Thou vs bequeth'st this legacie of ill:
 And for Executor Satan doest trust,
 VVho though a Banckrupt, yet in this is just,
 Eph. 2. And takes such care, that joyntlie vvith our breath,
 VVee doe receaue thy legacie of death.
 Hence doe proceed, if vvee reuolue our fate,
 The vvoes vvvhich follovv Mans accursed state.
 Hence those afflictions that attend our vvaies,
 Those sad Catastroph's of our vvretched daies.
 Hence that vnequall share of joyes and paine,
 A drop of pleasure, but of vvoe a maine.
 O hadst thou lou'd God more! E v e not so vvell,
 Thou vvould'st haue left vs heires of Heau'n, not Hell.
 VVee see vvhen substances doe passe avvaie
 The emptie shaddovves, can no longer staie.
 But thou like to the Moth dost liue, foule sin
 1ob. 27. Hauing destroy'd the soule, thou vveart borne in
 Pleasures, vvwhose shade thou art, long since are past,
 VVhen thy foule making Essence still doth last.
 Hence vgly Monster, vvhy staie'st thou behind,
 To be the Hang-man of the spotted mind?
 4. Reg. 5. To N A A M A N S leprosie art thou a kin,
 And must still sticke to the defiled skin?
 Vnlesse vvith floudes of teares so oft as he
 In Iordans Riuer vvas, thou clesed be.
 Great God bring all men to the sacred floud,
 Gen. 6. All Nations be baptiz'd in I E S V S bloud.
 In the first age, vvhen vvorld did nev v begin,
 The force VVith many raines thou did'st drovvne Man and sin
 of Contrition. Againe

Again vnto the vvatry flouds giue scope,
 Again the Cataracts of Heau'n set ope.
 VVee not of *Abana* and *Pharphar* dreame,
 VVee must bee curd'e in onely Iordans streame.
 Blest streame vvhich from thy mercies head doth rise
 And thence descending runneth through our eies:
 VVaters beginning from earthes slimie vaines,
 Not able are to purifie our staines.
 Such are those teares, vvhich from Hels feare do grovv,
 Such are those teares, vvhich from selfe-loue do flow.
 The raine vvhich this detested elfe must drovvne,
 Must from aboue, must from high heau'n come dovvne.
 VVherefore salt-teares, for sin send dovvne apace,
 (O happie dying in such streames of grace.)
 A sea of grieve in eu'ry place abound:
 And in the vvaues let vgly sin be drovvn'd.
 Each one of vs a sinners title beares,
 Let vs be M A G D A L E N S in shedding teares.
 Of *Hesebon*, large Fish-pondes be our eyes:
 The vvaters vvofull plaintes, the fish sad cries.
 VVhat doest thou meane my Muse, vvhy gadst thou so?
 Recall thy selfe, and let the Monster goe:
 A better object shall delight thy eyes,
 Behold *Pulcheria*, the faire, the vvise,
 Of vvhom to rule, shall *Theodosius* learne,
 And vvhen he dyes, leaue her his Empires stearne.
 Had *Aristotle* liued in her Court,
 Hee vvould haue deem'd, his pollicies to short.
 Had hee beheld the actions of her life,
 Her sexe should haue resembled *Delphos* knife.
 VVhilst shee vvho did vvith such a grace obaye,
 Shall ample Scepters, vvith like justice svvaye,
 How much to her our Christian vvorld doth ovve,
 Let Fathers gath' red by great L E O shovve,

4. Reg. 5.

LUC. 7.

Cant. 7.

Aristotle
 in his Po-
 litikes,
 prooueth
 a vvoman
 vnfit to
 gouerne.

The fourth
generall
Council
of Calce-
don, ga-
thered
chiefly by
the zeale
of this ho-
ly Empres.
Gen. 3.

Shee doth on necke of proud *Nestorius* tread,
And vvith his foyle bruiſeth the Serpents head.
All actes of vvorthie vveomen counted be,
None for the Church hath done ſo much as ſhee.

I heare you ſaie, vvvas her deſert ſo much,
VVhy then as if there neuer had bene ſuch,
The vvorld ſo litle heareth of her name,
No publike meetings ſolemnize her fame?
Shall I imagine Eaſterne Empires loſſe,
Hath added to our Chriſtian vveale this crolle,
Or thinke our God vnto ſome latter daies,
The ſolemne honors of his Sainte delaies.
Meane time I vvish ſuch vertue to my Quill,
That vvith her praiſe, I might all Countries fill.
And teach the vvorld that in *Pulcheria* ſtood
Tvvo rarely meeting graces, *Great and Good*:
Tvvo other opposites vveare likevvviſe freinds,
VVhilt priuate thoughts did ayme at publike ends.

But ſince (great Queene) my forces are to vveake,
A better vvorke-man ſhall thy glorie ſpeake,
And vvith a Pencill rul'de by heau'nly Arte,
Delineate diuers Pictures, as thou vvearte:
VVhich vvhen they are preſented to our ſight,
VVee'le forth-vvith ſaie, here is *Pulcheria* right.

A true cõ-
mendation
of the
houſe of
Austria.

Faire *Austria* ſeat of greatneſſe, honors tree,
VVhoſe braunches through the vvorld dilated bee,
VVhat Land, vvhat Kingdome doth not make great ſuite
To haue a plant deriued from thy roote?
Shall I an ample Roll of CÆSARS ſhovv,
Or for great Monarkes to HESPERIA goe?
Shall I recount hovv *Hungarie* and *Beme*
Haue gouern'd bene, and kept good by this ſtem?
Or ſhall I thinke *Bauarias* Duke ſo good,
Be cauſe his vaines doe flovv vvith AVSTRIAN bloud?

In

In large descentes of this illustrious line
 How many rare *Pulcherias* doe shine?
 Shall vvee of MARGARETS and MARIES tell,
 In vvhom *Pulcherias* many virtues dwell?
 The vvhich vvhon vvee in vaine begin to count,
 VVee'le judge how much the patterne did surmount.
 CORNELIA (Mother of that vvorthie paire,
 VVhose fates vnnvvorthie of their virtues vveare)
 Thou scorn'st to haue a Crowne come on thy head,
 VVhich must be bought vvith *Ptolomeus* bed,
 Iudging more honour in thy vviddovvs state,
 Then to be stil'd the King of *Aegypts* mate:
 Though in thy Noble sons consists thy grace,
 Yet giue vnto our *Austrian* Ladies place:
 Of vvhom how many Scepters shall refuse,
 And for a Husband svweetest IESVS choose?
 And those vvhom Heau'ns vvill haue a *Paan* sing,
 At *Hymens* tryumphs, shall great *Rodulphs* bring,
 VVho vvith a bended knee and vvarlike hand,
 Shall add nev Kingdomes to their natiue land.

But shall the vvorld be vvarm'd by *Austrias* son,
 And to our *Britaine* shall no good be done?
 Must vvee be ouer-past, as if vvee stood
 Vnder the Arctike Pole, vvhere comes no good?
 Yee gentle heau'ns forbid, novv is the time,
 VVhen *Austria* shall giue our Northerne Clime
 A MARIE, vvho like the fourth EDVVARDs heire,
 In vvhom combin'd the diff'rent Roses vveare,
 Shall make vvars Trumper euermore to cease;
 And blesse our ENGLAND vvith eternall peace.
 Impious Hostilitie shall end: no more
 Shall Christian blades be shear'd in Christian gore,
 But *Spaine* and *Albion* joyn'd 'gainst IESVS foe,
 In Ievvrie land the bloudie CROSSE shall shoe,
 And once againe recou'ring *Salems* tovvne,
 From top of *Mesquites* cast their halfe moones dovne.

Cornelia
 a Romaine
 Matrō Mo-
 ther of
 Tiberius
 and Caius
 Gracchus,
 a Lady of
 admirable
 endovv-
 ments.

Rodulph
 the first
 surnamed
 Magnus,
 the begin-
 ner of the
 greatnesse
 of the
 house of
 Austria:
 blest for
 his rare
 deuotion
 to the B.
 Sacrament

Elizabeth
 daughter
 of Ed-
 vvard the
 fourth be-
 ing marri-
 ed to Hen-
 ry Earle
 of Rich-
 mond, the
 deadly hate
 betvvixt
 the 2. fa-
 milies of
 Yorke and
 Lancaster
 Take ceas'd

Iconoclasts Take courage mightie PRINCESSE at thy birth;
 or Image The Heau'ns vnto the Vniuersall Earth,
 breakers, Did promise many blessings: thou art shee,
 an. D. m. In vvhom the vvorld *Irenes* times shall see:
 786. in the Againe, *Iconoclasts* shall leaue their sect,
 time of And curse to Hell, their impious neglect
 Irene Em- Of these faire Pictures, better taught to knowv,
 preile of That adoration doth further goe
 Constan- Then the bare Image; vvhich of vvood or stone,
 tienopledid The vvorkman frames, and in it life hath none.
 r. announce Vnapt, to vvhom vvee should our Acts direct,
 t. eir here. Abstracting from all relatiue respect.
 fi. But vvhen to Images vvee honour giue,
 The true Gods Saints are honour'd, vvho vvith him do liue,
 vse of Im- So vvhen each knee to name of IESVS bends.
 ges is de- To IESVS glorious selfe, the honour tends.
 clared. *Themistocles*, as hee vvalkes Athens streetes,
 r The a- In euery corner *Marathonia* meetes.
 doration As he beholds painted vpon each vvall,
 of them. The *Persians* conque'rd by *Athenians* fall.
 Phil. 2. He sees *Miltiades*, vvith plumie crest,
 2. They Like *Thracian Mauors*, animate the rest.
 excite vs VVhose diuine virtue in that bloudie feild,
 to imitate Made numberlesse to a small number yeild.
 the Saints First hee's astonish't, casting then his eyes
 vvhom Backe to his youth, and vvanton daies, he cries.
 they re- At last he speakes: O vvould I had no fight!
 present. That I might not behold *Marathons* fight?
 VVould I vveare deafe, that I might no more heare
 Of *Trophies* vvhich *Miltiades* did reare
 In *Marathonian* feildes. The children sing,
 The verie vvalles *Miltiades* doe ring.
 In eu'rie place sound Ecchoes of his fame,
 VVhilst I lie buried in the grane of shame.

But

But ah! let mee more ponder, and not crie,
 VVhat vvas this Man so honour'd, more then I?
 Had not *Miltiades* (in each place nam'de)
 A bodie of the selfe-same substance framde.
 VVith my claie Carcase: haue not I a share,
 As-vvell as he, in a Cælestiall ayre?
 This soule vvvhich in my house of durt doth dvvell,
 Doth æquall his; that it doth not so vvell
 Performe her functions, I my selfe must blame;
 VVho so vvith svveets, effeminate the same.
 Had hee as I, in Tauerns spent his daies,
 The vvorld had bene noe Eccho of his praise.
 Had he as I bene daily drovn'de in vvine,
 His statues had no other bene then mine.
 His statues vvvhich are objects of my eies,
 His statues vvvhich are causes of these cries.

Let me be good, and valiant as hee,
 The vvorld vvill statues consecrate to mee,
 As it hath done to him: heere, heere shall stand,
 My follies period, vvith a drunkards hand,
 I'll vvrite no more an ignominious booke,
 VVherein the after-times my shame shall looke,
 But vvith Heroike deedes, and vveapons dinte,
 My name on front of Athens foes i'll print.
 There, there, the vvorld, vvhi'll lasterh the vvorlds frame
 In glorious Characters shall read my name.
 You my youths deities, I bid adievv,
 I meane no more to sacrifice to you:
 For drunken *Bacchus* cups I'll vse the speare,
 For *Venus* fauours in my helme I'll vveare
 Deaths grizly face. I'll goe the vvorld about,
 But I vvill finde a nevv *Marathon* out.
 (Novv is conceiu'd a Salaminian fight,
 So much mooues virtue, virtues painted fight.)

The hauty CAIVS CÆSAR, cannot sleepe,
 Nay ALEXANDERS statue makes him vveepe.
 Quoth he (and sighs) at my yeares PHILIPs son,
 Conquerd the vvorlde: and (beast) vvhat haue I done?
 Shall I at home alvvaies ignobly rest,
 And like a babe sucke milke at my Mam's breast,
 No no, as he my Monuments of fame,
 Ile raise: or die in persuite of a name.

Augustus
 Cæsar a-
 dopted
 sonne of
 Iulius.

His son the Portratures of vvorthy Knights,
 Sets in his Pallace, that their very fights,
 May moue himselfe, and the succeeding Kings,
 To the attempting of heroicke things.

Hovv pic-
 tie is fo-
 stered &
 furthered
 by holy
 pictures.

As I behold my IESVS on the Rood,
 VVith armes extended, shed his pretious blood:
 Hovv am I moou'd? and vvhen I knowv for me,
 My God vvas nayled thus vpon a tree.
 Doth he not Preach, although he make no noyse?
 (His only Picture is a Preaching voice.)

The Sermon thus beginnes: behold Gods Son
 Hath so much suffred, and hath so much done
 For thy foules health, that thou shouldst enter in
 Heau'ns gates, and freed be from hell and sin.
 That thou eternally shouldst vvith mee raigne:
 I for thy sins, am as a victime flaine.

This Picture represents vnto thy sight,
 My loue to thee in Golgoth's bloudie fight:
 VVhere although in the battaile I did die,
 Yet made I sin vvith death and hell to flie.
 VVeare thou the spoiles of that tryumphant daie,
 (The spoyles are grace, and glories Crovvne for aye.)

As I this vvofull spectacle doe viewv,
 VVhat actes must follovv, vvhat affects ensue?
 Doe not I IESVS loue, vvho shed his blood,
 To take avvaie the lets vvich 'gainst mee stood.

In

In my pretension to the promist land,
And di'de to abrogate that vvriting hand,
Of Gods decree (and should haue had its course,
Had not great I E S V S disannull'd his force)
Doe I not vweep? yes, yes, not cruell Ieues,
But my transgressions I E S V S did misuse.
I, I, vylde vvretch, vvith vvickednesse and sin,
His temples crowvn'd; and vvith faults tore his skin.
As I see I E S V S oft faint in the vvaie,
And C Y R E N E V S helpe him, I thus saie,
No vvonder that our I E S V S cannot goe,
The vveight of my transgressions load him soe.

2. Colos.

Isa. 53

Mat. 27.

Shall I not sin detest vvhen Gods sole son,
Sin only to destroie so much hath done:
And knowv hovv hatefull sin is in Gods eyes,
VVhen to appease him no Host can suffice,
No victime make him his dravvne vveapon sheath,
But his Sons sacrifice, and I S A A C S death.

Gen. 22.

Julian deface that Portraiture vvwhich shee
Erects, vvhom I E S V S from the fluxe set free,
That so the memorie might alvvaies stand,
Of benefit receiu'd by I E S V S hand:

Mat. 9.

Mar. 5.

Luc. 8.

At foote against Iconoclasts shall preach
An herbes rare virtue, vvho vvhen it shall reach
To I E S V S garments hemme, I E S V S shall daine,
VVith virtue of it to cure eu'rie paine.
Cast dovvn this statue (renegate) and so,
In I E S V S picture shevv thy selfe his foe.

This vvoman cured
by our Sa-
viour, e-
rected his
statue in
brasse, at
the foote

vvhereof grevv an hearb, vvwhich vvhen it reached to the hemme of our Savi-
ours garment, cured all diseases, as vvitnesseth: vvho in his time see it. Euseb. lib.
7. Hist. c. 14. Julian the Apostata broake it in peeces, and placed his ovvne
in the place, but a fire comming from heauen and renting Iulians statue, casting
also the head to the ground, reuenged the sacrilegious temerity of this Apostata
Emperour. Soz. lib. 5. c. 20. Niceph. lib. 10. c. 30.

And

And vvhē thou hast it broken in disgrace,
 Erect thine ovvne foule Picture in its place.
 That from heau'n comming dovvn a fire blast,
 May burne thy Portrature, and to earth cast.
 Shall vvee haue *Iulians* in our vvretched age,
 Shevv against IESVS Crucifixe their rage?
 These Pictures vvvhich in such fayre order stand,
 Must they be vvith a sacrilegious hand
 Cast out our Church? Shall Gentle-men no more,
 Behold SEBASTIAN shed his manly goare,
 For IESVS cause? and vvith the Martyrs fight,
 Be animated manfully to fight.
 For IESVS faith? shall they not ALBAN see,
 Beheaded by sterne Emperours decree,
 For hiding in his house, 'gainst Kefars lawves,
 Iehouas Priest? and making here a pause.
 Incourage thus themselves, this is our case,
 Vilde Pursuants haue IESVS Priests in chace:
 VVe vvill them intertaine, and if vvee die,
 VVith vvinges of blest eternitie vveele flie
 To highest heau'n, and there vvith ALBAN raigne,
 VVho for like cause, vvith ALBAN haue bene slaine
 Had thy great house (faire ESTHER) bene so good,

Leopold. If *Leopoldus* had not pictur'd stood?
 Marquesse Telling his Nephevves ti's a Princes grace,
 of Austria To be as high in Sanctitie as place.
 a Prince Each virtue in a Monarkes brest must dwell,
 of vvonderfull He must as SAVI the multitude excell.
 sanctitie, By shoulders then the rest, he must be higher,
 1. Reg. 10. Carried aloft vvith a Cælestiall fier.

Take Pictures hence, vvhere is the idiots booke?
 Our Faiths deepe Mysteries therein to looke.
 In Images, the vn-taught Iyvaine shall read,
 That CHRIST for him is borne, for him doth bleed.

Hec

Hee shall; as he sees I E S V S borne so poore,
 Conceiue that pouertie in it hath more,
 Then the vworld thinkes; affection shall him make.
 Loue the svete babe, borne poorely for his sake.
 VVhen *Ianus* double fac'de the nevv yeare brings,
 Hee shall behold the off'rings of the Kings:
 And learne those Kings vvho offer presents, are
 First fruits of Gentiles, guided by a starre.

If God vvould not haue holy Pictures stand,
 To grace his Church; vvhy vvas the cut off hand
 of *Damascene* restor'd by M A R I E S praire?

VVhose Pictures in his bookes defended are.
 If vvorshipping of Images be nought,
 Ile taxe thee (Angels Empreffe) vvith a fault.
 VVhy didst thou giue him his hand backe againe,
 VVho Images Relligion did sustaine?

Can such a one finde fauour in thy sight,
 VVho for Idolatries defence doth vvrite?

If vvorshipping of Images be ill,
 Heau'ns Queene, let me aske thee vvhy dost thou fill
 The vworld vvith miracles, and no vvhere more,
 Then vvhere thy statues Catholikes adore?
 Had not (vouchsafe to ansvveare mightie Queene)
 Ægyptian M A R I E thy faire picture scene.
 And praid before it, should not her blest soule,
 Haue still remained, as a Blacke-more foule?

From I E S V S Mother, ile goe to her son,
 And humbly aske of him vvhat he hath done,
 As he the Messenger made backe to beare,
 His holy picture to *Edeffas* Pere:

As he vvith Virtue vvonderfull did place
 In *Berenices* hand-kercher his face.
 Each follovving age vvill reuerence the same,
 And he for superstition must haue blame.

3. Pictures
 instructe
 the simple
 and igno-
 rant peo-
 ple, and
 therefore
 Saint Greg.
 calls them
 the idiots
 book.

lib. 9. Ep. 9
 Mat. 2.

Our Sau-
 our, as
 vvitnes-
 seth, Euag.
 lib. 4. hist.
 c. 26. sent
 his picture
 to Abga-
 rus king
 of *Edeffa*
 by vvhich
 many fa-
 mous mi-
 racles
 vveare
 done, and
 are related
 by the
 same au-
 thor.

The find- VVho haue their goodnesse into question brought.
 ing of the Shall not our English Queenes see **HELEN** make
 Crosse, on A holy journey for deuotion sake
 vvhich To *Salem* tovvne? vvhether miracles forth-bring,
 our Sau- The scepter of our vvith-thornes Crovned King.
 our suffe- (As on King **SALOMON** the daughters stand
 red, by Helen, Of Sion gazing this vvas in his hand.)
 Helen, This scepter long time hid in holy ground,
 Mother of Is by deuotion of this Empreſſe found.
 the Empe- Part of it she vnto *Byzantium* brings,
 our Con- (So much that age did esteeme holy things)
 ſtantine. Part vnto *Rome*, vvhether pietie doth build
 Cant. 3. *Marmorean* Temples, and deuotion yeild
 Iust honours to those Reliques, vvhich did beare
 Iesus, as hee o're hell did Trophies reare.

Doth not this Queene of those foure nayles make much,
 VVho holied vveare by Iesus bodies touch?
 In her Sons Diadem she placeth one,
 (VVhich giues more grace, then any Iaspas stone.
 And teacheth **CONSTANTINE** although he raine,
 That hee's his substitute vvhom Nayles did paine)
 Tvvo shee doth in his bridle raines inclose,
 To keepe him safe from menaces of foes.
 As **IUSTINE** on his head these raines vvill vveare,
 The Feindes of Hell him dare not once come neare.
 Hell as yet mindfull of *Caluaria* fight.
 Is daunted vvith these reliques only fight.

Howv s. VVho hath not hard of *angrie ADRIAS* vvaues,
 Helen dis- VVhere millions of ships haue found their graues
 posed of But novv that passage shall no more be so,
 the nailes, For **HELEN** the fourth nayle vvill in it throe,
 vvhich And hee vvho vvith his death made all things eu'n,
 pierced Firming a lasting peace t'vvixt earth and heau'n,
 our Sau-
 ours hands
 and feet,
 vvhen
 hee was
 Crucified
 for our
 sins.

VWill giue the sanctified Nayle a force
 To make the billoves leaue their vvonted course.
 Neptune appeaseth euery troubled vvaue,
 (So great a virtue holy Reliques haue:)
 On euery vvall vvhy should not Ladies see?
 Such stories and by them instructed be?
 VVhat vveare the actions of renovvned Dames
 In antient times, vvhere-vvith they made their names
 In catalogue of Saints to be enro'ld:
 And by Fames trumpe in after-times extold.
 VVhy should not euery vvall and corner Preach
 And vvhat religion HELEN vvvas of teach?
 Oh vvicked daies of ours! vvhen Danaes rape,
 And naked Goddesses immodest shape,
 As for an Apple they contention had,
 To be descided by the Phrygian lad:
 VVhen vvorkes of Aretines lasciuious hand,
 Shall curiously in chambers painted stand.
 Casting lust darts through vvindowves of the cie,
 And vvith luxurious thoughts make the soule die.
 But Images of Christ, his Mother, Saints,
 VVhom pietie and true deuotion paintes,
 VVith sacrilegious hand shall be defa'lt,
 In peeeces broake, and out of Churches cast.
 In darkest shades let Manes euer bide,
 Aud his tvvo impious sons on either side,
 VVho vvorship due to Reliques first did blame,
 And pietie fond superstition name.
 Let them make Hell resound vvith vvofull plaints,
 For their impietic 'gainst God and Saints.
 It is enough that Infidels and Ievves,
 VVho Gods and his Saints Images abuse.
 Doe euerlasting pennance for their fault,
 But let our Christian vvorld be better taught.

Manes first
 denied the
 vvorship-
 ping of
 holy re-
 liques, as
 vvitnes-
 seth S. Au-
 stin lib. 20
 contra
 Faust. c. 2.
 21. & lib.
 32. c. 11.
 After him
 Eunomius
 and Vigil-
 antius
 taught this
 heresie: al
 many hun-
 dred years
 since by
 the holy
 Church,
 and coun-
 cels con-
 demned for
 heretikes.

Let none vvho in our common vvealth doe dvvell,
For such impietic goe dovne to Hel.

Let all vvho are vvasht in great I E S V S name,
VVith bended knee humblie adore the same.

Act. 19.

Diuers na-
tions con-
uerted to

Christia-
nity, and
reduced
from he-
refies by
their ver-
tuous

Queenes

Ingunde

Queene

of Spaine.

Let all vvho I E S V S, and his friends affect,
The Tabernacles of his Saints respect.

Surely blest Nymph errors detested night

Thy happie times shall turne to faire daie light,

Thy *Hymenean* Torches are the Sun,

By vvhich this good to Britaine shall be done.

For Gods Eternall vvifdome by vvhose hand,

The vvorld is gouern'd as it first did stand,

By a proportion'd meanes vvill bring to passe,

VVhat but in vaine by force attempted vvas.

VVee joye to read as sacred stories count,

That *Clodoue* vvas to the holy Fount,

By his *Clotilda* brought: the *Lombards* King;

Doth *Ledolinda* to the true faith bring,

Didymus

of Alexan-

dria vvas

from the

fift yeare

of his age

blind, yet

most lear-

ned in all

sciences,

but infe-

cted vvith

the errors

of Origen,

vvhich er-

rors hee

taught Ruf-

finus and

Melania.

Thy Auncestors the *Gothes* are likevvise scene,

Reuok'd from Errors by their pious Queene.

VVho vvounded vveare by great *Achilles* speare,

By the same vveapon to be cured vveare.

Against a *Scipio* vvho vvas *Cesars* foe.

In *Cesars* armie doth a *Scipio* goe.

VVhen as *Melania* by her blinde guide taught,

Errors of *Origen* to great *Rome* brought,

VVhere-vvith opinion of an holy name,

Shee and *Ruffinus* did dilate the same.

As *Debora* did not *Marcella* rise,

And make the erring *Romaines* ope their eies?

Made shee not *Barach* to stretch out his hand,

And put to flight the nevv-sprung errors bands?

The Lyons vvhelpe of *Inda* shall oppose

His force against that Lyons force, vvho goes

1. Pet. 5.

About

About the vworld, seeking each vvhere to eate
(The foules of men are this fierce Lyons meate.)
In *Edens* Garden the curf'd tree did grovv,
VVhose fruit vvas death, leaues sicknesse, branches vvoe:
In top of *Golgotha* must spring a tree,
VVhich from these miseries shall set vs free.

Anne vvas the E V E vvhich gaue vs our deaths vvound,
M A R I E the vvoman is, shall make vs found.

A lavvlesse Mariage E N G L A N D did vndoe,
Thy vvish't for Mariage E N G L A N D shall renue.

Against their King (vvhen A B S A L O N vvas flaine)
Rebellious S E B A moves the Tribes againe;

But a vvife vvoman in *Abela* tovvne,
Doth S E B A S head from Cittie vvalles cast dovvn,

And by the death of a seditious Knaue,
From I o A B S furie doth her people saue.

Shall vvee be troubled vvith eternall jarres,
VVill no A L C I D E S giue end to the vvarrs,
And *Hollands* many headed H Y D R A kill,
VVhich doth vvith tumults our North-climate fill?

This Monster hath a *Cockatrices* breath,
Threatning to Monarkes, and all Kingdomes death:

No D I O N S novv, no B R V T I liue againe,
Detesting lavvlesse tyrannie should raigne;

But Athens thirtie tyrants, and Romes ten
VVill change a Monarchy for diuerse men.

Religion is too poore a Maske to hide,
Their Treason that it should not be espide.

The vworld be taught that breach of Faith to Kings,
First Heresie, then Atheisme, then Hell brings,

VVho doe contemne the Church their Mothers lore,
VVill at the last acknovvledge C H R I S T no more;

And vvee haue seene them count it a small losse,
For Turkish Moones to change the Christian C R O S S E

Ge. 3.

The marriage of
Henry the
8. vvith
Anne of
Boleine,
vvas the o-
uerthrow
of Catho-
like religio
in England
2. Reg. 20.

The chas-
acter of
the state,
and com-
mōwealth
of Hollād.

The Hol-
landers
putting
the Tur-
kish halfe
moones
on the
flags of
their ships
had this
Motto:

*Pius Tur-
My ce quam
Papista.*

My vvorthy Countrie-men, vvhy are you slaues
 To Brevvers, Coblers, Basket-making Knaues?
 VVhy doe you voluntarie your selues thrust
 To patronize a cause as Hell vn-just?
 You ansvvere that you part of *Holland* take,
 For the Lords vvord, and for his Gospell sake.
 The Gospell saies, let *CÆSAR* haue his due,
 Hovv for the Gospell fight you then, thinke you?
 Thieues their Kings rob, and you against all lavv,
 That thieues may keep stolne goods, your vvweapons draw
 But if you nearer to their Gospell looke,
 Youle finde it is a *Matchiulian* booke:
 VVherein each leafe containeth damned things,
 Conspiracies, and trealons against Kings.
 Sovving sedition amongst other men,
 That they may sleepe safe in their *Cacus* den.
 Let vvarres destroe *France*, *Germanie*, and *Beme*,
 VVhat doe they care, so vvarres be far from them?
 VVhat Gospel can they haue, vvhere *Turks*, vvhere *Ievvs*
 Their Synagogues, and prophane *Mesquits* vse?
 Is not their *Amsterdam* the drugs, the fex,
 The sinke of all impuritie and sects?
 Could *Hannibal* more sundrie nations tell,
 Then sects contrarie in that *Babell* dvvell?
 But that no matter is, Ievv Atheist, *Turke*,
 So he defie the Pope, is of their Kirke.
 Moreouer can rebellions cause be just,
 VVhen thieue true Lords out of possession thrust?
 VVhat if a *D'Alua* bore a heauie hand,
 Must they forth-vvith vp in rebellion band
 Against their King, and take from him his ovvne?
 If so: vvhat Prince can sit safe in his throne?
 Lets praie that Princes may doe vvhat is right,
 And not vvith trait'rous armes against them fight.

But

But you doe not examine much their cause,
 Their friendship you into the action dravves.
 VVhy should you take such tyrants for your freinds,
 VVho affect none but for their priuare ends?
 Let Massacres in remote Indies shevv,
 If Holland be our ENGLANDS friend or no.
 Oh that our Seas could speake : vve soone should heare
 VVhat good-vvill Hollanders to ENGLAND beare:
 Let jestes, let scoffes, let mockes at King, and state
 Make knowvne their litle loue, if not great hate
 To Prince and vs: as helps haue bene deni'de,
 To backe their Heresie, their theft, their pride.'

Ill-nurturde svvaines, not taught vvhat is a King,
 A God, on earth, a Consecrated thing.

Pf. 81.

1. Reg. 24.

DAVID laments, that he cut his Kings coate,
 VVhen these vvith open mouth, vvith open throate,
 Gods Vice-roies bite, their royall actions blame,
 V Vith frumpes, vvith quips Monarchs expose to shame.
 Let base Typhaus brood, vvhose pride is such,
 That they the holie ones of God dare touch
 VVith slandering libels, expiate such vvrongues,
 VVith losse of hands, and forfeiture of tongues.
 Yea let such Caitiues for blaspheming die,
 (VVho touch Kings, touch the apple of Gods eie.)

Pf. 104.

Let eu'ry Simei, eu'ry slandering Knaue,
 The saucy Eupolis misfortune haue.

Zach. 2.

2. Reg. 16.

And here their often mention'd Tempel fayles,
 T'is Satans Ghost, vvhich against Princes rayles.

Ier. 7.

VVhen the vvhole vvorld is in combustuous fire,
 Subjects against their Kings each vvhere conspire:

Iud. 9.

Base-borne Abimelech his brethren kills,

Mis-gotten Mansfield Realmes vvith rapine fills.

And all these mischiefes fram'd, this vvorld of harmes

In Hollands Aetna, vvhere Cyclops make armes.

For

For Hells black Prince, gainst God himselfe to fling,
And *Sions* Citie to destruction bring.

Let none it contrarie to reason thinke,
That I haue temper'd some gall vvith my incke?

VVhen I doe heare base *Eupolis* so bold,
To rayle at Kings, my splene I cannot hold.

Though I at vices, not at persons ayme,
I affect *Holland*, but rebellion blame:

And let the Netherlanders once be good,
Let them cashire this their rebellious mood,

And as Religion teacheth againe bring
VVonted obedience to *Hesperias* King.

Reasons and thousand arguments i'll frame,
To eternise industrious *Hollands* name.

Meane vvhile vvill none inspir'd vvith heau'nly fire,

Ezech. 26.

Fore-tel hovv *Spaines* great King shall sacke proud *Tyre*?

27.

VVill no *Ioues* feed once-more in *Lerna* lake,

The many heads from this foule *Hydra* take?

No *Iohn de Austria* their cities vvin,

No *Parma* take reuolting *Holland* in?

No demi-god (better then other men)

Grapple vvith theiuis *Cacus* in his den?

(*Cacus* vvho hath his Father *Vulcans* shape,

Cacus vvho liues by Homicide and rape.)

No, no: our God vvill not haue Iury land,

Set free alone by valiant *Barachs* hand:

Iudic. 6.

But *Iabins* captaine pearced in the head

By *Iahels* vvife, shall at her feete fall dead.

Est. 7.

Ambitious *Ammon* euer looking high,

By *Esters* Prayers hanged aloft shall die.

Great Princeesse thou art *Iudith*, by vvhose hands,

Iudit. 13.

Proud *Holofernes* leader of Hells bands,

2. Ro. 2 S.

Shall vanquisht be: thou art *Abelas* Dame,

VVhose Nuptiall rites shall *Holland* Rebells tame,

Seditious

Seditious *Sebas* head shall buy a peace,
 And vvith the Tribes submission vvars shall cease.
 Thou hast *Pulcherias* birth, her state, her face
 In the attempt of great things haue her grace:
 So let thy Actions crowne thy life vvith praise,
 That after-times thy Monuments may raise.
 And as thy Ancestors their Nephew Kings,
 Excite to enterprise of vvorthie things;
 So be thy deeds thy royall issues booke,
 VVherein hovv they shall liue, they alvvaies looke.

Antiquitie doth of an Atlas count,
 On his backe bearing vp *Olympus* mount,
 Our I E S V S is vvise Atlas, by his hands,
 Sion vvas built, and on his backe it standes.
 Our Atlas dies, vvho shall supplie his place,
 Hath he left heires of this supporting grace?
 Firme-pillars of best marble compos'd all,
 Beare Sion on their backes, that it not fall.
 (VVho in Gods Church vvill haue a Pillars part,
 Must be vvell practiz'd in the bearing art.

Of the Pil-
 lars of the
 Church.

Hath not truths selfe his promise giu'n that those,
 VVho triumph ouer their Infernall foes,
 Shall in his Church be Pillars; vvhist no frovvne,
 No Hellish violence can cast them dovvn?
 VVhen vve see thee (Great CHARLES) vanquish each foe,
 VVhich doth in battaile against virtue goe:
 VVhen vve behold in all thy actes such grace,
 Shall not vvee promise thee a Pillars place?
 Of I E S V S Church a Pillar thou shalt be,
 VVhilest I E S V S Church shall be borne vp by thee.
 VVith *Hercules* (vvhere *Sol* his steedes doth vvett)
 Thou shalt thy Monuments and Columnnes set,
 And vvrite *non ultra* to the after-daies,
 Forbidding all to æqualize thy praise,

Apoc. 3.

F

VVhist

VVhilest no great Monarke, nor great Monarkes Son,
Shall doe so much for Church, as thou hast done.

Gal. 2. In first place vvrought by IESVS cunning hand,
Most eminent doth SIMON PETER stand.

The 2. Apostles. To PETER next vvilst' he supporteth all,
In IESVS Church a Pillars place hath PAVLE,
A cruell death, vvwhich did tvvo vvhole daies last,

Could not firme ANDREVV to the Earth dovvn cast.
Great IAMES, IOHNS brother, and ZEBEDIES child,

Act 12. By HEROD kild, and Spains Apostle stil'd,
VVhether he vvent, and vvith victorious hand,
To IESVS faith subu'de that noble land,
IOHN of vvwhite Marble made, though his out-side
VVas gold in fyerie flames refin'd and tride.

VVas not vvwhite marble his Parthenian brest?
Of Golden loue vvas not made all the rest?

THOMAS eternall Monuments shall haue
Amongst the Indians, vvhere he hath his graue.

SIMON, THADDEVS, PHILIP, holy IAMES,
VVhose vvondrous virtue either knee proclaimes.

Rough BARTHOLOMEVV vvithout, though faire vvithin,
(For IESVS name Tyrant pul'd off his skin.)

Act 1. For IPHIGENIA HIRTACVS may frovvne,
Yea kil blest MATTHEVV, but not cast him dovvn.

Act 11. MATTHIAS vvhom the holy Ghost did chose,
For that place vvwhich Iscariot did lose.

Sermons of BBR'NABE vvill teach vvhat can,
Persvasions vvwhich proceed from'a good man.

Of the same matter, of vvwhich other men,
Th'Apostles vveare composde, yet knowv, that vvhen
IESVS them Columnes in his Church did place:

Hee so them temp'red vvith caelestiall grace,
That mauger anie vvinde or aduerse blast,
They keepe their place, yea rather stand more fast.

The

The last perfection, and supremest forme,
 VWas giuen them, vwhen as the vvisht-for storme
 Of diuine grace, and clouen tongues of fire,
 Made the roome shake, vwhere Christs friends did retire,
 Before this storme, a silly vvenches frovne,
 Did cast the chieftest of the Pillars dovvne.

Act. 2.

Mat 26.

Mar. 14.

C E P H A S as to him a poore Damzell calls,
 Denies his I E S V S, miserably falls:
 But once confirmed by this devv of grace,
 No threats, no vvhips, can make him leaue his place.
 Nay hee esteemeth honours badge that shame,
 VWhich he endureth for great I E S V S name.

Act. 5.

The thundring Cannon at vvhole Eccho quake
 Strong Citties, vvhist his bullets their vvalls shake,
 Before the fire shall make him vse his voice,
 Is sport for children, meriment for boies:
 They plaie vvith him, they roule him heare and there,
 And as vpon his backe they ride, not feare.
 But let once fire enflame the charged Gun,
 VWho doth not quake, and from his fury run?
 So haue I seene, the stoutest harts looke pale,
 And as they heard his thunder, their heads vaile:
 Before Gods Ghoast did I E S V S friends inspire,
 P E T E R a Canon vvas but vvithout fire:
 No maruell then though at a vvomans sound,
 Hee daunted vveare, and fell dovvne to the ground.
 But after God had put an holy flame,
 Vnro this Canon, and discharg'de the same.
 VWhat Cittie vvas there, vvhat defensiu vvall,
 VWhich vvith his thunder-bolt he made not fall?
 I passe hovv A N A N I A's and his vvife,
 VVith his breaths only foarce did loose their life.

C A I N E built a tovvne nam'de Rome, the vvalls were sin,
 Errour and Paganisme did liue vvithin,

Deriu'de by a long progenie from CAINE,
 In this same Citie did proud Nero raigne.
 IESVS decreeing in the tovvne to take,
 And in it his ovvne Empires seate to make.
 So beats the vvals vvith CEPHAS Cannon shot,
 That at the last the batt'ed tovvne is got.
 Idolatrie and superstition flie,
 A thousand errors in the Cittie die.
 There IESVS makes his seate, and there vvill raigne,
 VVhilest Sun giues light, flouds run into the maine.

Tis true the last time, that this peice did roare,
 Hee burst in tvvo that IESVS hoast no more
 As earst could vse him: so vvhen Spartans flie,
 EPAMINONDVS doth Victorious die.
 Did Philistims or SAMSON the field loose,
 VVhen at his death he kil'd thrce thousand foes?
 And vvhen in Golgotha Golias head,
 By IESVS is stricke off, is IESVS dead,
 But potent God forth-vvith the broke-peece cast,
 And making sound againe in Sion plaste
 Vpon the Battlements, vvence he hurts more
 Our aduersaries, then he did before.
 Petitions are the bullets, vvich he throwes,
 From vpper ground, and vvith them Kils our foes:

Ind. 16.

A POEME

A

POEME, OF THE HOLIE NAME OF I E S V S.

The second Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Of IESVS flesh (AMBROSIAN meate,)
Of Bell, of Architects vvee treat.*

THE hovvre did novv approach, in vvvhich men dine,
VVhen see a Table set vvith bread and vvine;
Besides these tvvo nothing at all vvas pla'st,
No daintie dishes to content the tast.
VVho vvould not judge such silly Cates vnfit,
For Potentates, vvhom there vvee see to sit?
But vvonder not though the fare simple seeme,
The Maister of the Feast vvill haue vs deeme
By the effects his banquets vvorth, and knowv,
That best things make not alvvaies the best shovv.
And surely CLEOPATRAS Royall feaste,
VVherevvith shee entertain'd her Romaine guest.
Nor ASSVERVS banquet to his states,
VVhich sacred volume vvith such care relates:

G

No

Exod. 16.

No not the Manna vvhich the Ievves did eate,
 Can be compar'd vvith this Cælestiall meate.
 VVhat dyet hath such virtue as this food:
 Mortall to make immortall, vvicked good?
 Is your soule sicke? eat here and it no more
 Shall be diseaf'd; heers Physicke for each sore.
 This bread makes strong this vvine our armes doth cheare
 The Royall banner of CHRISTS CROSSE to beare,

Of the
 blessed
 Sacrament
 vnder the
 forme of
 bread.

VVhen as the fancy objects, vvhich are ill
 Conceiues, and represents them to the vvill,
 That the short pleasure of an idle thought,
 May vvith the soules eternall losse be bought.
 Heers Bread (vvhich God the Holy Ghost did make,
 And in the vvombe of sacred Virgin bake,
 Heating the Ouen vvith Charities best fire,
 The fevvell vvas many a Chast desire:
 The Loaves vvith name of IESVS marked be,
 Hauing his hands and feet nayld to a tree.)
 In such occasions heer's that mistique bread,
 In vision seene, vvhich Madians bloud shall shed.

The effects
 of the B.
 Sacramēt.

And put the Easterne multitude to flight:
 Zeb and Zalmana their tvvo chieftaines smite;
 The svword of Gedeon, vvhich loose Venus Boye
 Shall profligate, his Darts, his shafts destroye.

Iud 8.

Corne of the chosen, substance of the good,
 Expelling bad desires, breeding pure blood,

Zach. 9.

This bread, proud Babylon, thy little ones
 VVith holy vvrath shall dash against the stones.

Pf. 135.

This eleuated bread 'boue top of hils,
 (Priests heades I meane), our vvorld vvith plentie fils!

Pf 71.

ELIAS, as he fainteth, it makes strong,

3. Reg. 19.

To take of fortie daies a journey long.

Nay

Nay some vvho daily Guests are at this feast,
Auerre for truth that vvhat meate you like best:
VVhat your taste pleaseth, bee it flesh or fish,
You shall haue here in this Cælestiall dish.
Manna such vertue to haue had, vve read
And much more tast it in this heau'nly bread.

Sap. 16.

At Easter time you joye to see your Board,
(As vvas the Israelites) vvith a Lambe stord
Prepare vvith them your selues; take in your hand
A vvalking-staffe, vvith your loynes guirded stand
As Pilgrims doe (yours is a Pilgrims case

Exod. 12.

The vvorld your Inne is, heau'n your dvvelling place) Preparatiõ
Gather vvilde Lettice, ouercome I meane
Your imperfections, and extirpe them cleane.
Make of such Lettice sauce a Lambe to eate;
The Lambe is I E S V S, hee shall be your meate.

to receiue
the blessed
Sacramēt.

I E S V S hath cloth'd himselfe vvith a Lambs skin,
From Sheepe to take the heauy load of sin.
Is it not strange a Lambe should on his backe
Carrie a flocke of Sheep, and their sins pack?
Had not our I E S V S them supported so,
Not one of all the flocke to heau'n should goe.

Io. 1.

The Eliphant by Nature hath this grace,
That in his furies heate, yet if in place
Hee shall a Lambe (milde peaces Embleme) see,
His fury is assuag'd, his angers bee
Forth-vvith made calme; perchance some fel aspestounge
VVith slanders poison hath your credit stunge:
Or some ill-nurtur'd groome eu'n to your face
Opprobrious speeches giues, vvordes of disgrace.
Your case is D A V I D S, A B S A L O N his hands
Against you lifts, and the rebellious bands
Are vvhich your chiefe friends fil'd, vvho earst did goe
Next to your side is chiefe cause of your vvoc.

2. Reg.

Pf 54

And vvhether you vveare vvith benefites most kind,
 There you discourtesies doe chiefly finde,
 By thieuish Pursuiuants your goods you loose,
 And yet the Thieues you dare not once accuse.

Gen. 34.

Per chance vvith IACOB S sons, or DAVIDS Childe
 You blush to see as *Thamar* is defilde

Kick'de out of doores, after a deede so ill

You vow you vvill incestuous AMMON Kill.

2. Reg. 13

You rage, you chafe, you storme, you swell, you puffe,
 The foming ADRIA is not halfe so rough.

Come angrie Eliphant behold a lambe,

Meeke IESVS vvho in Paschall season came;

That by his death Man might enfranchis'd bee,

And by his slaughter the bound Goate set free.

Leuit. 16.

Num. 21.

10 3.

MOYSES a brasen Serpent did erect,

VVhich cured Israel vvith his sole aspect.

Behold this Lambe, meeke IESVS marke him vvell,

In him let all your meditations dwell.

His only sight vvill cure your inflam'd blood,

Chiefely if scene vpon the Crosses Rood.

For knowv fierce Man, this Lambe is Gods sole Son,

VVho vvhen vs sillie sheepe sin had vndone,

And vvee by Tempters vvhistle led astraye

Through vn-couth paths to Hell vvvent the next vvay,

To see our ruine grieuing at the hart,

VVith Fathers leaue he plai'd the Shepheards part,

Inuenting a proportion'd meanes to gaine

The vvandring sheepe, and bring him backe againe.

Hee cloths himselfe vvith shape, vvith flesh, vvith skin

VVith all of Man, excepting only sin:

And in this forme conuersing 'mongst the rest,

Hee teacheth them vvhat feeding place is best.

Sometimes in Vallies and lov Dales he goes,

As hovv vvee should our selues despise, hee shoes,

Auerring

Auerring vvho to Sion mount vvill clyme,
Must gaze in these lovv pastures for a time.

Of Gelboe hils he bids his sheepe take heede,
There is no fastie on those Cliffs to feed.
The fruitfull shevvres, the Devv of heau'nly grace,
Neuer refresh that miserable place.

There vve see SAVL on his ovvne svword to die,

VVhilst he the *Philistaan* blades vvould flie

The Hils vvith mured VVarribrs are fil'd,

Thy valiant there, ô Israel are kil'd.

VVhat are these Mountaines vvhere such vvorthies di'de,
But eleuated hils of humaine pride?

VVits, vvho doe lift themselves aboue the rest,

And euer judge their ovvne opinion best.

Such vvicked *Arrius* vvas, and after him

Pelagius, of the Diuell each a limb.

Vrsacius, *Valens*, and the gelded sorte,

VVho doe frequent (*Constantius*) thy Court.

To IESVS all injurious: IESVS grace

Pelagius doth denie: the *Eunuchs* race

Auer that God no more then they haue done,

In generation of his only Son:

And Gods Son follovving Natures vvonted lavves,

In his eternall being hath a cause.

These and all Heretikes in Gelboe hils,

Haue fallne on their ovvne svwords, I meane their quils.

Some times our Lambe on top of Thabor feedes

The flocke instructing by Heroycke deeds

Of diuine Counsaile tis best there to graze,

From vvhence tovvard heau'nly Sion they may gaze:

Then he inform's them of his Royall birth,

The reason vvhy he came vpon the earth.

Hovv doth he make Celestiall Spirits mount,

VVhen hee the Eight Beatitudes doth count?

1. Reg. 31.

2. Reg. 1.

S. Austen
explicating
that of the
67. Psal.
*increpa fe-
ras arun-
dinis*, saith
that here-
tiques are,
fera calami
beastes
vvho
vvith their
quils dam-
mage and
molest the
Church.

Mat. 17

G;

Be-

Of the first
beatitude. Beginning thus, the Kingdome of high heau'n
To those vvho are in spirit poore, is geu'n.
Mat. 5. You aske vvho are spiritually poore,
VVho looking on their nothing doe not soare
VVith feath' red vvings of pride, but knowving vvell
That their offences haue deserued Hell,
They suffer injuries, that so his vvrath
They may appease, vvhom sin offended hath.
2. Keg. 16. This pouertie had Israels forlorne King,
VVhen rayling *Simei* at him stones did fling:
Hee doth reflect as his rebellious son
Against him vvarrs, vvhat he before had done
To good *VRIAS*, and accepts this rod,
As a deseru'd affliction, sent from God.

Marke hovv our Lambe doth earths possession giue
To those vvho on the earth doe meekely liue,
Of the 2. O're their ovvne passions their command is great,
Beatitude. I'th land of others harts they haue a seate.
Mat. 5. Theirs is the land of euerlasting blisse,
(The vvhich alone land of the liuing is)
If poore haue heau'n, if mecke on earth doe dwell,
VVhat place is for the angrie left, but Hell?
To Stygian pit, vvherefore doth Thubal goe,
Let holy man by God inspired shovv.
Exech. 132. Because he had no Target to vvard blowes,
But svvordes and Launces to offend his foes.
IE svs vvho doest our hands vvith vveapons arme,
VVhen heaped injuries sound the alarme;
VVhen vve shall suffer opprobries, vvhen wronge,
Bestovv on vs that armour of the strong
Cant. 4. Firme patience, vvho fight couer'd vvith this shield,
Alvvaies retorne victorious out the field.

VVhat vvas thy life but a continuall paine,
A lasting labour to bring backe againe

The

The vandering sheepe, and put him in such place
 VWhere holosome pastures are, streames flowv vwith grace.
 VVhom didst not thou instruct, to vvhom not Preach?
 VVhom virtue not by thy example teach?
 VWhen any vwith the rot infected vware,
 VWith vvhath loue didst thou cure them, vwith vvhath care?

Herafter Pastors thou doest reach to rule,
 Making thy life of eu'ry grace a Schoole.
 Thou bidst them oft remember *Ioathans* tale,
 Hovv vwhen supremacy vvas set to sale.
 The Figge, the Vine, the Oliue vwould not buye
 VWith their o'vne detriment a place so highe:
 Only the Thorne accepteth to be great,
 (Thornes vwillingly doe sit in vpper seate)
 VWho follov thee must choose the lovver end,
 Vntill thy heau'nly Father bid ascend.

Iud. 9.

Luc. 34.

Thou shevst vvherein a Prelats place consists
 Not in good fare, or doing vvhath he lists,
 Not to haue complacence in being first,
 Rather to judge himselfe therefore the vvorst.
 Not making the poore sheepe to carry much
 VWhen hee vwith his least finger vvill not touch
 The burthen others beare, nay the right vvaie
 To gouerne is, vwhen Prelates doe, then saie.
 Therefore still thou doest to thy precepts joyne
 This Rule, my seruants actions be like mine.
 Hee is a Monster in vvhole mouth doth stand
 A tongue, in greatnesse vvwhich exceeds his hand.
 Hovv many such our Basan Pastures shovve?
 Hovv many such in vpper places goe?
 Of God and virtue they doe largely talke,
 But haue no hands to vvorke, no feete to vvalke
 After thy C R O S S E, such carry on their backe
 A Pastors title, but the virtue lacke.

Mat. 23.

Jo. 13.

Mat. 23.

VVho

Is. 14.

VWho are in seate of supream honour plac't
Must keepe themselues from a cold Northren blast,
Icleped pride, this had his birth on high,
And euer since contendeth vp to flie.

VWhat industrie, vwhat labours doest thou spend
In gaining *Iudas*? as if the vvhole end
Of thy conuersing in the vvorld had bin
To make this vvretch forsake his haunt of sin:
And vwhat revvard? as Priests shall him out tell
Poore thirtie pence, he vvill his Maister sell?
And can a Lambe for such a price be sold,
More vvorth then *Iasons* sheepe vvith fleece of gold?
VWhen at this rate the Butchers had thee bought,
They presently vnto the shambles brought,
VWhere vvith thy death though they did meane to end,
Thy vvisdome did beyond their malice tend.
Then thou didst thinke vpon this mystique board,
Hovv vvith thy sacred flesh it should be stor'd,
Making theit furies, vvho did thirst thy bloud
The instruments of our eternall good.
And alt'ring the old rites of Pascall sheepe,
Ordain'ft that vvee a better Easter Keepe.

Mat. 23.

A relation
of some
passages
of our Sa-
uiours
Passion.

The hautie Pharisies full little thinke,
They make a vvine shall be soule-sauing drinke
For hated Gentiles, little doe they dreame,
From IESVS vaines can flow so rich a streame.
Doe you thinke Scribes vvho sit on *MOYSES* Chaire,
That vvhen in high Priests house you joyned are,
Your consultation is, hovv you shall dresse
For Christian banquet a Cælestiall Messe?
Speake sacred Muse, hovv this great Myst'rie came,
That our foes dresse for vs our Paschall Lambe.

The cruell Knife that cut our IESVS throate,
In *PILATES* Hall vvvas the base vulgars note.

As

As they the Heau'ns astonish vvith their crie,
Let *Barrabas* alone, let I E S V S die.
I finde quoth P I L A T E of his death noe cause.
They ansvveare let him dye (our vvils are lavves.)
Bring vvater, from this crime ile vvash me free.
His bloud on vs, and on our Children bee.

Mat. 27.

Yee Impious Ievves, this vvas the sharpe edg'de Knife,
VVhich did depriue meeke I E S V S of his life.

VVhen T I T V S shall your Cittie vvals cast dovvnne,
VVhen fire your Temple, and destroye your Tovvne,
VVhen to the vvorlds end your accursed race

Shall vvander vagabonds in eu'ry place;
Then knowv that A B E L S bloud, vvhom you haue flaine
For vengeance cries against his Brother C A I N E.

VVhen common vveales shall make you a signe vse
To make the vvorld take notice you are Ievves,

VVhen Boyes hoope after you, Dogs at you barke,
Haue you not C A I N E the homicide his marke?

Before a L A M B E is for the Table fit
They vse to fleye him, aftervvards to spit,
And so by gentle fires all sides to heate,
Till by degrees it be made holsome meate.

But not the most hard-harted Butcher slaies
The silly L A M K I N, vvhilst life in it staies:

Oh then are Butchers, more inhumaine Ievves!
Hovv cruellie doe you meeke I E S V S vse?

As you doe make the Romaine Cohort strip,
And vvhilest he liues, slaie him vvith tearing vvhip.

From top to toe his skin they doe pull off,
His vvoundes your sport are; at his paines you skoffe:

Hovv else should his vvoes of all vvoes be chiefe:
Hovv else should I E S V S be a man of grieve?

But can your malice as yet farther goe,
Are you stil vvittie to increase his vvoe?

The miserie of the Ievves: all vvhich S. Hierome Ep. 129. ad Dardanum doth attribute to Gods iust vengeance for their impious killing our Sauour.

Thren. 1.

Isai. 53.

H

Though

Though you did stab him vvith your doubled 'noate,
 Of let him die, although pul'd off his coate
 VVith many lashes, yet nor Knife, nor Rod
 Quite kils the L A M B E, vvho is both Man and God.
 After a manie deaths life doth remaine,
 That hauing killed you may kill againe.
 You joye that he as yet not yeelds to fate,
 That so you longer may protract your hate.
 Hee joyes to liue, that vvee may see hovv much
 Hee loued vs, vvwhose suffrings haue bene such,
 And all for vs; our sins stricke euery blovve
 Our vvickednesse vvas cause of all his vvoc.]

Isa. 53.

VVittie *Perillus* and *Mezentius* sterne
 To torture shall of you inuentions learne.
 Proceeding in your malice you make fit,
 To rost this holy Lambe a vvodden spit,
 The C R O S S E I meane, to vvhich his feete and hands
 Your barb'rous hangmen tie vvith iron bands.
 VVhat is defectiue novv? a flame to roast
 The victime, and so consummate the Heast :
 Ith' altar of our I E S V S breast doth burne
 A sacred fire, the vvhich shall serue the turne.
 Not thornie Crovvne, not vvhips, not bloudie sweat,
 Not Crosses vveight, but feruorous loues heate
 Consumes our Lambe, as Phoenix in his nest
 Our I E S V S dies midst flames of fierie brest.
 For vvhere he not consum'd bysuch a Sun,
 Hovv should an holocaust be rightly done?

Spiritual
 profit ari-
 sing from
 meditating
 on our
 Sauionrs
 Passion.

Vnder the C R O S S E to haue a place, vveel'e sue
 VVhere vvee vvill immolated I E S V S vievv :
 And vvhilste on each sad passage vvee reflect,
 VVeele heale our sorrovvcs vvith his sole aspect
 VVhen vvee are angrie vvee vvill on him looke,
 His taunts, his griefes, his vvounds shall be our booke:

And

And as he suffers, vvhilst vvee heare no noice,
Not the least sound of a Complainctiue voice,
VVeele set our spoonefull to his sea of vvoes,
Our aduersaries to his sauage foes,
And blush to fill each eare, each place vvith mone,
VVhilst in respect of his our griefes are none.

The Lambe by Ievves and Pharises thus drest,
For IESVS friends makes a continuall feast.
But vvith vvhat drinke is this great banquet stor'd,
VVhat Massique vvine adornes this royall borde?

My Muse declare in the ensuing verse,
And the strange nature of that vvine rehearse,
The properties of that Cælestiall vvine,
VVhich IESVS vvorthy ghestes drinke as they dine.
Of vvhich vvhen you shall heare prodigious things,
Yet giue vs faith, and knowv this liquor springs
From Vine tree, vvhich vvas set by Gods ovvne hand,
And in the midst of Paradise doth stand.

Bee not incredulous this vvine doth grovv
In IESVS vaines, and from his vvoundes doth flowv,

The Hart vvhom Dogs haue almost at a baye,
Peceiuing that his spirits doe decaye,
Forthvvith vnto some Riuer hath recourse,
VVhere svvimming through, he gathereth nev v force,
VVith vvhich, as if he had but then begun,
He svviftly flies, pursuing death to shun.

The soule of Man cloth'd vvith this fleshly furre,
Is this poore Hart, by many cruell Curr,
Hunted to death, the houndes names vvill you heare?
Sad griefe, fond joye, stearne vvrath, vaine hope, falle feare
These as Acteons Beagles obe'id Man,
VVhilst Man vvas good, and reason vf'd, but vvhen
Man in transgression vvas the Deuils Ape,
And to a beast transformed, lost his shape.

Psal. 41.

Of the
blessed
Sacrament
vnder the
forme of
VVine.

The passiōs
of the
minde.

The Curs vvhich heretofore vvere kept in avve,
 VVill novv obey no longer reasons lavv,
 But as that Hunters Dogs their Maister chase,
 And oft bereaue him of his life of grace.
 Amongst the rest one vgly Curre is found,
 Icledped Mortall sin, this foule-mouth'd hound
 By nature hath such an enuenom'd tooth,
 That vvhere he bites, assured death ensu'th.

The *Nemrod* or chiefe Maister of the sport,
 The Diuel is, vvho vvith a gracelesse sorte
 Of vvorldlings, sons of the accursed *CAYNE*,
 Pursue the silly *HARTE*, till hee be slaine.
 VVhen sin is done an *Euge* blowes the horne,
 Their Huntsman *hola* is faire vertues scorne.
 The vvoods resound vvith base detractions voice,
 Foule flanders Echo makes a hideous noyse,
 VVhen no temptation doth the soule assault,
 They storme and svveare the Doggs are at a fault,
 Getting the sent by customes tracke againe,
 They and their Curres follovv the Chace amayne.

The Hart pursu'de by such malicious foes,
 Is tyred ofte, oft doth his forces lose.
 VVhen loe good God (vvho the stai'd course of things
 Svweetly contriues) our Beast thus toyled brings
 By secreet motions to a pretious fload,
 VVhich flovves vvith streames of vvounded *IESVS* blond.
 Through this the chased Deer no sooner svvims,
 But vvith nev्व strength he innouates his limbs:
 And thus refresht tovwards Heau'n he trippeth so,
 That vve him judge rather to flie then go:
 Nay sure he flies, (his vvings are loue and grace)
 VVhere-vvith tovwards Sion he mounts vp apace.
 Is this blest Riuer *DAVIDS* house of Armes
 To furnish vs vvith sheilds against all harmes?

Or as in first creation great God brings
Out of the vvaters feth' red foule vvith vvings?
Barke, barke yee Currs, ye cannot hurte vs more,
Our foule hath vvings, and in the Ayre doth soare.

Gen. 1.

VVho shall in Lethes streames his members bath
(Is it a benefite?) Obliuion hath
Of his past deedes, forgetting good and ill,
(Else Poets vvith their lyes the vvorld doe fill.)
On Alter table flovves a Lethes floud,
Breeding obliuion of each thing, but good.
VVho are vvash't heere forget their old desires,
Earthly propensions, and accustom'd fires.
VVhat vvonder then, if as Hart through here passe,
He seeme to be far other then he vvas?

Shall I describe this glorious *Nilus* head
VVhen it began? As IESVS bloud is shed
By impious levvies on blest Caluarias Hill,
And since through Edens Garden flovveth still:
VVhen as the souldiar vvith his Launce did ope
Our IESVS's side, he gaue the streame full scope
To issue foorth, vvich hetherto hath run,
And euer shall vtill the vvorld be done.
On Ægipt fruits *Nilus* bestovves a birth,
This Riuer fertill makes our Christian Earth.
Once in a yeare seau'n-headed *Nile* or'e-flovves,
And benedictions on the land bestovves.
Each daye, each hovvre, as AARONS sons thinke good,
VVee see the ouer-flovving of this floud.

Jo. 21.

Fruitfull the Trees are, vvich in ordred ranckes,
VVith the streames vvatred grovv along the bankes.
Among'st these flourisheth a vvell-spread Vine,
The Grape vvhereof doth make a royall VVine,
VVith vvich our IESVS furnisheth his Feasts:
None can it's vertue tell, but vvho are Guests.

H3

O happie

Cant. 1.

O happie vines vvhich in Engaddy grov v

Zach. 9.

VWhere vvine is made, from vvhence chaste virgins flow.

Cant. 5.

VVith this vvine to be drunke, feare not this Cup
Ingenders vvorthy thoughts, drinke it all vp.

VWhen vvee (*faire Nymph*) thy *Austrian* house and tree,
Throughout our Christian vvorld dilated see,
All men the greatnesse of the Trunke admire,
Great Kings such braunches as thy selfe desire.

VVee doe reuolue old Oracles, and saie
Therefore doth *Austrias* Sun like the Noone daie
Shine in our Hemisphère, and bright raies spred,
Because Great *RODOLPH* to this mystique bread,
By vs describ'de, such pietie did shovv,
From his deuotion benedictions flow
Vppon thy house: my Muse vvich here doth treat
Of this rare *MANNAH*, and *AMBROSIAN* meate,
Offers her selfe, vvhil' st shee doth Manna sing,
To you (*Great Princesse*) vvho from *Rodolph* spring:
And knowves, though nothing else her gracious make,
Yet y'oule accept her for the Mannas sake.

Of the Sa-
crifice dai-
lie offered
in the Ca-
tholike
Church.

The sacrifice vvhereof our Church doth boast,
VWherein for Peoples sins Gods Son is hoast,
Astonisht vvee vvith silence vvill passe o're,
And humbly him vvho is in it adore.
VVee anger *IESVS* vvhen vvee doe amisse,
To make our peace *IESVS* the victime is.
The Priest eake *IESVS* is: millions of times,
And in as many places for our crimes
Doth *IESVS* offer victimes eu'rie daie,
As if he nothing else but Masse did saie.

The Bell.

The Bell vvich makes all people to repaire,
To *IESVS* Church, and telleth them that there,
Gods seruice shall be done: is a straunge bell,
And vvhen it rings, doth ring as strange a knell.

It is

of I E S V S. Lib. II.

It is made of the voices of all those
VVho reason vse; both I E S V S friends and foes
Serue as a Bell, vvhich Christian people tels,
That in our Church the true Religion dvvels:
In Church describ'de by me, built by Gods Son,
True seruice of eternall God is done.

At such an houre, at such a time of daie,
I E S V S himselfe vvill vouchsafe Masse to saie.

Great God himselfe in this Bell hath a share,
As he doth in his testaments declare,
That the Church, vvwhose foundation I haue laid
Is that vvwhich he 'ith vvorlds beginning made;
The same vvwhich in the Patriarchall daies,
And lavv of MOYSES he from earth did raise,
But vvas vnto a full perfection brought,
VVhen I E S V S grace, and truth his Christians taught

Nay God is angrie, and doth tell vs plaine,
His Church did not begin vvith impious *Caine*,
But founded in a righteous A B E L S bloud,
Hath since supported by his right hand stood.
Haue I built vp my Church, I E H O V A faith,
On *Arrius*, *Hus*, on *Magus* faithlesse faith?
VVho so doe build their house, build on the sands,
No longer then the builder, the vvorke stands.
VVho not vvith mee on I E S V S build; at once
Their Church shall perish, vvith their rotten bones.
But my Church stands on an immoued rocke,
And shall endure each persecutions shocke.
No Ievv, no Heretique, no Pagans arme
Can doe the Church vvwhich I haue builded harme.
Nay euery blustering vvinde, each aduerse blast
Make the foundation of my Church more fast.

I built a neate, an ample statelie Kirke,
And dare these saie, their hogsties are my vvorke?

59.

Even se-
ctaries the
selues are
compel-
led to saie
there is
the Ca-
tholike
Church,
such a man
is a Catho-
like, as
vvitnes-
seth S. Au-
gustin. lib.
contra ep.
fund. c. 4.
Ciryl.
Cat. 18,
10. 1.
The holy
Fathers
saie that
the church
began in
Abel a
Virgin &
martyr.
Simon
Magus
boasted
much of
faith vvith
out good
vvorkes.
Clem. lib.
1. Recog.
Mat. 7.

VVith

60 *A Poëme of the Holie name*

VVith virtues Tapeſtrie my Church is faire,
Not vvith ſins vgly, as their dunge cartes are,
Perfumes of grace in my Church ſvvetly ſmell,
Vice makes their Synagogues a ſecond Hell.

VVee de-
ſcribeth
Bell of the
Catholike
Church.

Mat. 5.

The three
Euange-
lical coun-
ſailes.

IE SVS (the vvorth of vvhoſe braue name vvee tell)
Giueſt a voice to'th making of our bell,
And ſpeaketh thus, liuing it vvas my vvill
To build my Church and Cittie on a Hill.
I built my Tempel on a mountaine high,
Conſpicuous and expoſ'd to eu'rie eye:
Had I made man inuiſible to goe,
I vvould haue likevvife built my temple ſoe.
I therefore ſpent a thirtie-three yeares time,
That mine ſhould high perfections mountaine clime.
A three-fould mountaine then Olympus higher
As *Ætna* burning vvith perpetuall fier:
The poore, the chaſt, the virtue vvwhich obeies,
This mount more high then common earth doth raiſe.
Good vvorkes, and almes beſtovv'd in my name,
Make this high hill vvith Charitie to flame:
The ſmell is likevvife vvonderfully ſvveete,
VVhileſt Myrrhe and Frankinſence together meete.
And that theſe alvvaies reeke muſt be the care
Of mortifying actes, and mentall praire.

Mat. 19.

Hovv then dare theſe blaſphemers of my grace,
Saie I haue choſen for my Church a place
VVith the earth euen? thoſe vvho neuer ſoare
VVith counſailes vvings to heau'n, vvhat haue they more
Then earth? in vallies and lov dales they goe
VVho then commandements, vvill no more know.
Good vvorkes not onely make my Cittie faire,
But eake behoofull for the dvvellers are.
And ſhall ſuch appertaine vnto my mount,
VVho of good vvorkes make none or little count?

VVho

But carelesly set all at fixe and seau'n
 And saie bare faith enough is to get Heau'n.
 My Church is not a Kennell for foule Dogs,
 A nastie hogstie for all sensuall Hogs.
 Did not *Iouinian* a foule Hogstie make,
 VVhen from chaste life he did all merit take?
 All such doe Hogsties vvith *Iouinian* build,
 VVho to Virginitie no honour yeild.
 Hovv dare these *Gerasines* (feeders of svvine)
 Affirme their durtie village to be mine?
 I claime a Church vvich on a mountaine stands
 Such, such is that vvich I made vvith my handes.
 In this I giue remission of sin,
 And in none else, here (people) enter in.
 This is my garden, this my dvelling house,
 Here vvith me dvvels my Loue, my Doue, my Spouse.
 This Church my sheepfold is: sheepfold and sheepe
 VVith my ovvne mouth I did bid PETER keepe.
 And shall I thinke my Church and sheepfold theare
 VVhere my chiefe Vicar PETER hath no care?
 Those Synagogues, vvhere *Cephas* hath no Keie
 Are shambles, vvherein butchers the sheepe slaie.
 I in my Church (vvhat nation can so boast?)
 For peoples sins offer my selfe an Hoast.
 I did die rherefore, therefore I did bleed
 That I my friendes might vvith my ovvne flesh feed.
 And in my vvounded vaines a Vine might grovv
 From vvhence a *Nectar* (drinke of Gods) should flovv.
 VVhere you behold such *Nectar* and such fare
 Goe in; there is my feast, there my guests are.
 But be assur'de there is no feast of mine
 VVhere you no more haue then bare Bread and VVine.
 Not to a meale made vp of of Foule and Beastes,
 But to my Body I inuite my ghuests.

It vvas
 one of the
 heresies of
 Simo Ma-
 gus, in the
 Apostles
 time, and
 aftervvard
 of *Aetius*
 surnamed
 Atheist,
 that faith
 alone vvas
 sufficient
 to saluatio
 S. Hierome
 vvrit a-
 gainst *Io-
 uinian*,
 whomade
 marrimo-
 ny equall
 vvith vir-
 ginitie.
Mat. 8.
Luc. 8.
Cant. 4. 5.
Io. 10.
Io. 21.

Of the ve-
 ritie of our
 Sauours
 presence
 in the B.
 Sacrament
 of the Al-
 tar.

Mat. 26. Am not I able to performe my vvord,
Mar. And fet my sacred flesh vpon the board?
Luc 22. VVho say my diuine hand Almightye is,
1. Cor. 11. VVhy giue they limits to my povvre in this?
 For vvine I said my ghefts my bloud should drinke,
 If I not giue it them, they needes must thinke,
 I either doe delude, or els am vveake,
 Not able to effect, vvhat I doe speake
 Nor i't enough if I should make them eate
 For my true body a phantastike meate,
 My bodies figure, and a tipike VVine,
 For I a substance promist' not a signe.

The Architect of lies maketh such Feasts
 And vvith like fopperies deceiues his guests.
 Hee carries them to Castles of the aire,
 And makes them thinke they feede on daintie fare
 VVhen they eate nothing, all are trickes of his,
 Each thing a signe, each thing a shaddov is,
 They neither haue before them flesh nor fish,
 But idle faith composeth eu'ry dish.

Mat. 27.
 Berenga-
 rius anno
 1028. de-
 nied the
 reall pre-
 sence in
 the blessed
 Sacramēt,
 and vvas
 condem-
 ned for an
 heretique
 by diuers
 holy coun-
 cels.

Call they not mee impostor vvith high Priests
 VVho saie that I so juggle vvith my ghefts?
 I bid them to a banquet, saie their meate
 Shall be diuine, my bodie they shall eate;
 But vvhen they sit dovvn, an od fellovv saith,
 Take, eate this bread, and feed on Christ by faith.
 The putid *Berengarius* mumbled so,
 And long since for an Heretique did goe.
 And yet the people must perswaded be,
 That such a dinner vvas ordain'd by me.

M A R I E his Mother, vvho triumph'de or'e Hell,
 Giueth a voice to making of this Bell.
 And bids all people to this Temple goe,
 VVhich in the former lines my Muse doth shevv:

And

And thus she speakes: This Church vnto my Son
Belongs for in it are due honours done.

To mee his Mother: IESVS Priests are heere,
For pietie hath builded euerie vvhether,
Many faire Altars, and to honour mee,
The vvhorld continuall sacrifice doth see:
Each hart is made an holy Altar stone

VVhereon due victimes vnto mee are done.
Petitions are the Hoasts vvhich please mee vvell,
As vvith deuotions Frankinsence they smell.

VVhen as the vvhorld its first beginning had,
And sin had made the tvvo beginners sad;
Great God the serpent punishing, from vvhom
Both sin and sadnesse came, pronounc'd this doome;
That there should be an euerlasting vvarre

Gen. 3.

T'vvixt mee, and Satan, betvvixt those vvho are
His Sons, and such vvho from my bowels spring
(Such Children at the Crosse I forth did bring.

Io. 21.

That vvas the groning Bed I laie vpon,
VVhen at my IESVS death I did beare IOHN
And in him the vvhole Church: my eldest boie
Borne vvithout paine, but not vvithout much joye
Great IESVS vvas: the earth and heauen smilde,
VVhen my vvombe blest the vvhorld vvith this braue child.

IESVS and IOHNS acknowvledge I my seed,
(In sorrov IOHNS as RACHEL I did breed.)
IOHNS knowving I am theirs and IESVS Mother
VVith filiall loue affect me 'fore all other.

Knowv then that Tempel in the vvwhich you see
My progenie, IESVS true Church to bee.

Novv by these markes you shall my children knowv
A great respect and loue to me they shovve,
They knowv vvhat grace on earth God to me gaue,
They knowv vvhat glorie in the heaü'ns I haue:

Admira-
ble in the
sentences
of these
holy Fa-
thers in
the praise
of our B
Ladie, x
tolling her
aboue the
Seraphims
and all the
Quires of
Angels.
2. Reg. 3.

(Such Chrysostome, such Anselme, Bernard vveare
By God instructed in my visions share)
They know v what int'rest I haue in my Son:
He euer hath and vwill graunt mee each boone.
Like *Bersabee* I sit at his right hand,
And though I doe intreat, yet I commaund.
Therefore to mee they doe direct their prairs,
My Son heares my petitions, I heare theirs.

A mothers title doth my I E S V S moue,
Mee to helpe them forceth a Mothers loue.
VVhere you see Virgins deuoute, humble, lovv,
Theres I E S V S Church, into that Temple goe
VVhere you see some vvith loues vvings mount on high,
They are my seed (so vvilst I liu'de did I.)
Mine are those Children vvho make me their glasse,
T'adorne themselues vvith virtues as I vvas.
By such apparell you my seed shall knowv,
But Satans sons in different habits goe.
Yet learne their markes, that vvhen you shal them meet,
You may discerne them by their clouen feete.

Gen. 3.

God promised a vvoeman vvho should tread
On the old serpens necke, and bruisse his head.
Am I not shee vvho conceiu'd vvithout sin
In Mothers vvombe to bruisse him did begin?
(VVhom sin taints not (sin is the serpents head)
Such trample on him, yea such strike him dead)
Eve vvas a cursed tree, on vvich did grovv
To ADAM, and his generation vvoe.
I bore a fruit, I E S V S my royall Son,
VVho did restore vvhat ADAM had vndone.
Grovvng in Caluarie vpon a C R O S S E,
He did repaire terrestriall *Edens* losse.
VVherefore 'gainst me, vvhom mightie God did chuse,
And as a meanes in mans redemption vse,

'Gainst

'Gainst mee the Mother of the God of Hosts,
The Prince of Hell musters his damned Ghosts:
'Gainst mee each Goblin, each infernall sprite
Proclaimeth vvarre, spitteth at mee his spite.

But since my person they cannot come nigh
(Glorie and grace haue lifted me so high.)
That diu'lish malice vvhich to mee they ovve,
In blasphemies and opprobries they shovv.
So doth the Serpent and his vvicked race
Diminish that all ouer-shadowing grace
VVherevvith the holy Ghost my soule did fill,
VVhen I E S V S leauing high *Olympus* hill,
Chose my parthenian vvombe, that flesh to make
VVhich on himselfe the Deitie vvould take.)
VVhen they dare saie, offenders vvith sin foule
As much grace beautifies as my pure soule.

If God my ANSELME did inspire as hee
Affirmes hovv those that are deuoute to me,
May firmly hope, that their names helpe to fill
That booke vvhich Gods predestinating vvill
Hath vvrit; (this pietie and filiall loue
My deuotes to enroll great God doth moue.)
Shall not such justly feare, their names to finde
In the blacke booke of death? vvwhose canker'd minde
Replenish't is vvith spight, vvith splene, vvith hate
Against my person and my glorious state.
Can such more spit their rancourd malice forth,
Then in diminishing my graces vvorth?
They saie, God me no gifts peculiar gaue.
So great a sanctitie as I all haue.

S. Anselme,
amongst
other signs
of Prede-
stination,
auerret
that deuo-
tion to our
B.Ladie is
one: and
surly vvho
in the Ca-
tholike
Church
haue bene
eminent
for sancti-
tie & lear-
ning: yea
for felici-
tie and
happie-

nesse in Ciuill affaires, as Constantine and Charles the great haue bene speci-
ally deuoted to the blessed Virgin, the glorious Mother of I E S V S.

Daies Festiuall ordain'd to honour mee
 By these my foes quite abrogated be.
 They striue that I Mother of such a Son,
 Should be forgot as if I nought had done.

Apoc. 12.

The Serpent labours in the Desert vvilde,
 First to deuoure the vvoman, then the childe.
 These Caitiues knovv, that honour vvwhich I share
 Redounds to IESVS, vvwhose my merits are.

Io 12

(For vvhat in mee is eminent is good
 Is IESVS grace; That is the Ocean Floud

Apoc. 4.

From vvhence Saints merits flovv, and to the maine
 By gratitude must back returne againe..)
 And though they seeme at mee alone to ayme,
 Yet they vvell knovv vvhat dart hurtes me the same
 VVoundeth my IESVS, such relation is

Tvvixt him and mee: my opprobries are his:
 Therefore vvhen mooued by their du'ilish fire
 They slander me; 'gainst IESVS they conspire.

VVhen *Antiochians* vvill their hatred shovv

As the
 prototypō
 is honou-
 red in the
 vvorsip
 of the
 Picture, so
 is it disho-
 noured in
 the contu-
 melious
 abuse of it

Vnto their Kefars, they their statues throw
 Contemptibly to ground: on Kings they vvreake
 Their fury, as their Portratures they breake.
 Could these Iconoclasts vvith impious hand
 My person touch, I should no more commaund
 As Angels Empreffe: nor in highest heau'n,
 Injoye that glorie vvwhich my Son hath giu'n.
 But since their malice cannot reach so high
 They in my holy Pictures me defie.

They breake and despise these, out Churches throw
 And if they could they eake vvould vse mee foe.

Nay vvorse then *Saul*, posselt vvith an ill sp'right

1. Reg.

VVhat serpent could not doe, these sons of night

Attempted haue yvhilst their blaspheming tongue
 Hath me defiled with transgressions dunge.
 Counsailes and Fathers haue religious bin,
 Mee to exempt vwhen as they treat of sin.
 And yet these foule-mouthd'e Cerberi dare houle
 That I E S V S Mother is vvith blacke sin foule.
 So did not the Archangel GABRIEL sing
 VWhen he from heau'n his Embassie did bring.
 But thus began, Hayle of thy sexe the best
 Store-stoufe of grace amongst all vvoemen blest.
 The Fathers svvimme in this Embassage streame,
 Making the Angels vvordes my praises theame.
 VWho dare a note hovvle contrarie to this,
 Sing not as Angel, but vvith Serpent hisse.
 But though Dogs barke, yet Cynthia keepes her course,
 These Curres may houle, but haue no further fourcc,
 Although these Deuils against mee conspire,
 Yet am I worshipped of Angels Quire.
 Mauger the Serpent, mauger errors pride,
 In glories Chariot, I triumphant ride.

These are the Clothes vvwhich Satans children vveare
 The markes of Cain vvwhich on their fronts they beare
 A deadly hatred and malicious splene,
 Gainst I E S V S Mother, and the Angels Queene.
 Such, such are Serpents of-spring, Satans seed,
 VWhen you incounter them, flie flie vvith speed.
 Knowv I E S V S loue in such can neuer dvvell,
 VWho of his Mother knowv not to speake vvell,
 Auoyd their companies, their verie breath
 Is dangerous, and can ingender death;
 Hovv fatall vvas the serpents hissing noise
 VWhen he Eue muredred vvith his only voice?
 Vild Heretiques of vvorse fire sons as ill
 Haue of their father learnd vvith vvords to kill.

The Albi-
 genes af-
 firmed,
 our blef-
 sed Ladie
 to haue
 bene a -
 great sin-
 ner.
 S. Austen &
 The Coun-
 cels of
 Claramou,
 Basil Trét.
 &c. al-
 vvaies ex-
 cept the
 B. Virgin,
 vvhe they
 treat of
 sin.
 Lu. 1.

Gne. 4

Ta. 3.

Here-

Hereticall assemblies are a schole,
 VVhere Satan sitting on his pest'lence stole
 False doctrine teacheth, and vvith forged tales
 Gainst me, my Son, and his Saints daily railes.
 But vvhere are pious vvorshippers of me,
 Assure your selues there IESVS Church to be.
 VVhere IOHNS assemble, there the true Church is,
 If you finde one you cannot th'other misse.
 Angels vvho not pertake our speaking art
 By signes vvill vtter their true meaning harte:
 And saie this is that Church, vvwhich IESVS built,
 Those verie vvalls he made, the rooffe he guilt.
 Into this Church all nations enter in
 VVhere truest Sacrifice is done for sin.
 Heere shed your teares, here IESVS vice-roies sitt,
 VVho can your sins vvashed vvith teares remit.
 Iudges, to vvhom IESVS such povvre hath giu'n
 That vvhat they here doe is confirm'd in heau'n.
 In this Church vvee (attendants on our King,)
 As IESVS Prelates doe the High Masse sing,
 And eleuate our mightie Lord on High,
 In signe of Homage on the lovv earth lie.
 By Quires of Angels are song joyfull laies,
 VVhen sinfull soules forsake their vvonted vvaies;
 In Penitents conuersion shares haue vvee
 Our ruines by their risings filled bee.
 Of it and those vvho in this Tempell are,
 Are vvee protectours, and haue speciall care.
 VVhereas those Synagogues, vvwhich schisme and pride
 Haue cobled vp, not *Michael* doth guide:
 But Lucifer vvith his blacke garde attends,
 And brings at last vnto disastrous ends.
 Chiefe Senatours of IESVS Common vveale
 Th'Apostles in this manner ring a peale.

Chiefe

That Church vvvhich of th' Apostlēs taketh name,
 Is I E S V S Church, vvee did erect the same.
 Against this Church Hell gates fight, but in vaine,
 VVee are the Pillars, vvho this Church sustaine.
 Firme Pillars, and strong firmament of Truth,
 Supporting it, mauer vvhat Satan doth.
 Those Synagogues on Pillars doe not stand
 VVhich vveare built vp by *Magus* impious hand,
 By *Cerinth Marcion*, but in Pillars' turne,
 Are rotten stickes, vvvhich in Hell fire shall burne.
 The houses vvith them joyntlie shall decaie,
 The houses vvvhich these vvorkemen make of Claie.
 Opinions Preaching nothing else but ease,
 Opinions vvvhich (prone to ill) nature please.
 Are rotten stickes, vvhen *Simon Magus* said
 To gaine heau'n faith sufficient is, hee made
 Of rotten stickes a stie for sensual hogs,
 And like to him a Kennell for foule dogs
Eunomius built, saying that Faith alone
 Can saue our soule, though good vvorks vve haue none.
 Did not *Nouatians* build a house of claie,
 VVhilst Priests authoritie they tooke avvaie?
 A house vvhere carnall libertines shall dvvell,
 A house vvvhich is the Porters lodge of hell.
 No vvonder though broad be perditions path,
 For Pilgrims tovwards Hell it alvvaies hath.
 No true Confession of sins in the vvay,
 No good aduise the passengers to staie.
 But in that Church vvvhich built by I E S V's hands
 On vs Apostles as firme Pillars stands.
 I E S V S appointed there should alvvaies sit
 His Vicerioies, and the guilt of sin remit:
 And Christians teach vvhere feinds in ambush lie.
 Hovv they their treacheries and snares shall flie.

The Apo-
 stles.

Mat. 7.

Of the Sa-
 crament of
 Confel-
 sion.

K

Doctors

*Luc. 10.**Pf. 107.**144.*

Doctors of Physicke, vvho vvith vvine and oyle
 Diseases cure; vvhen Priests from sin assoile
 They povvre in oyle: Gods mercie oyle must be,
 VVhich svvimming 'boue his attributes vv ee see.
 Pennance by Priests injoy n'd hath the vvines place,
 VVhich though it smart, yet hath an healing grace.
 His Vicerioies, vvho vvhen sinners goe next vvaie
 To Hell, them by good admonition staie;
 Teach Penitents that such and such a fault
 Their predeceffours to perdition brought,
 That such actes are inordinate and fovvle,
 Such customes dangerous vnto the soule.
 Hovv by good customes they must o'rcome bad,
 In Ghostly vvarfare vvhat care must be had,
 So AARONS Priests judg'd of the Lepers skin:
 So I E S V S Priests judge betvvixt sin and sin.

*Leuit. 14.**Luc. 17.*

In Church vvhich I E S V S vpon vs did raife,
 Such vvas the vse; This euen in our daies,
 The custome vvas; I E S V S vs povver gaue
 To forgiue sins, and vvee it practiz'd haue:
 But vvhere of sins no true remission is,
 Bee sure you shall of I E S V S tempel misse.

*Jo. 20.**Mat. 16.*

Of the tra-
 ditions of
 the church

Of that Church I E S V S no foundation laid,
 But schisme and pride haue the vvhole building made:

That Church Apost'like is vvhere-vvith great care
 Traditions of Apostles obseru'd are.
 Things vvhich great I E S V S vs alone did teach
 To the vvhole vvorld vvee aftervvards did Preach,
 And though all circumstances are not vvrit,
 (The Majestie of God not thinking fit
 So to confine himselfe) yet they're as good
 As if they vvrit in sacred volume stood,
 And in Religious hartes finde as much faith
 VVho kovv it is as true vvhat I E S V S saith,

As

As vvhat he vvrites: so vve haue Christians taught,
That Baptisme children frees from ADAMS fault.
Inspir'd by God vvee ordaind Lenten fast,
VVorship of Images in Tempels pla'st.
These vvee as I E S V S substitutes ordain'de
And haue in Christs Church hetherto remaind.
VVhere these are kept, that Church is I E S V S spouse,
Goe in all people, there keepes I E S V S house.

The Martyrs vvho vvith death their Crovvnes did vvine
Ring such a peale and call all people in.
That Church vvwhich by sad persecution grovves,
And more it is oppressed by her foes,
The more increaseth, vvas by I E S V S made,
I E S V S of it the vvhole foundation laid.
The Parget vvwhich this building makes so good,
And joynes the stones is glorious Martyrs bloud:
VVhen other sects by frovvning *Casars* ire,
Consumed are like drie vvood in the fire,
VVee as true gold (such is Gods heaun'ly mighte)
Are purifi'de, and made to shine more bright.
VVho should of *Sixtus* and his *Laurence* tell
If *Valerianus* had not bene so fell:
VVho e're had heard of braue *Sebastians* praise?
Had hee not liu'de in *Dioclesians* daies.
Great *Rome* three hundreth thousand Martyrs shovves
Expos'd to beasts, burnt, rackt by cruell foes.
And thirty glorious Popes in order stand,
VVho lost their liues by Persecutors hand.
(Can all the sectes vvwhich haue bene since Christs daies
Together joyned, such a number raise?
If it be chiefest loue our liues to spend,
(Iesus saith so) in seruice of our friend,
VVas not the charitie of Romaines much?
VVhose Massacres for Iesus sake vvvere such.

Baptizing
of Infants
is an Apo-
stolike tra-
dition, as
also the
40. daies
fast of Lent
and the
vvorship-
ping of
holy Ima-
ges, accor-
ding to
the 2. Ge-
neral Coun-
cel of Nice
The Mar-
tirs.
The true
Catholike
Church
increaseth
by Perse-
cutions.

Three hun-
dred thou-
sand Mar-
tirs, put to
death in
the Citie
of Rome.
And thir-
ty Popes.

Ioh. 15.

Dioclesian
& Maximian
although
they pre-
tended fa-
ctie of
honours
and impe-
rial digni-
tie to be
the cause
of their
resigning
the regal
state, yet
they pri-
uaty con-
fessed to
their nee-
rest friends
that the
true reaso-
n was the
flourish-
ing and in-
creasing of
the Chri-
stian church
which
maged their
tyrannie
more and
more
through
out the
vworld
dilated it
selfe.

Act. 8. 10.

No vvonder eake though Romaine ground be good.

A Nilus vvatted it of Martyrs bloud.

VVe lost our liues, and yet vvee vvon the field,

And made our bloudie persecutors yeild,

Tvvvo Kefars vanquisht in these bearing fights

To CONSTANTINE resigne their Kingly rights,

And first a Christian killing hand doth vvant,

E're martyrs readie to be kild are scant.

IE SVS ordaining that his friends shal gaine

Not by resisting, but by being flaine.

So he him selfe made Hell, and diuels flie,

VVhen on the CROSSE on Golgoth he did die.

No armour must vvee bring into the field

But a sole Buckler, patience is this shield.

This is enough to gaine the promist Crovvne,

Sufficent eake to cast Hells povvers dovvn.

The rising vvaues, vvhich drovvne each other barke,

Lift only from the ground just NOAHs Arke.

Though other Cocke-boates perish in the seas,

VVhilst no milde Neptune makes the billovves cease,

Yet vvhen the surges toss Saint PETERS barge,

IE SVS himselfe (best *Palinure*) hath charge.

IE SVS himselfe great Neptune of the Sea,

IE SVS vvhom VVindes and ÆOLVS obey.

Hee calmes the vvaues vvith his all-potent hand,

And brings our Pinnace to desired land.

VVhere is *Iouinians* Hoie; vvhere *Arrius* Boate?

Though furnished vvith seamen of such noate.

Eusebij, and other learned men

Rovved in *Arrius* Boate vvith tongue and pen:

Rotten vvith time their Pinnace vvater drinkes,

And to the bottome miserably sinckes.

Nor anie ship can long 'gainst billovves stand,

VVhich is not built and gouerned by Gods hand.

Of

Of *Albigenses* vvhat doth novv remaine?

But that they vv ere by *Simon Montford* slaine.

VVho novv for vvicked *Hus*, and *Arrius* lookes,
Must finde them in great IESVS Doctors bookes.

But PETERS ship, vvherein did IESVS preach,
As he the multitude on shore did teach,
From IESVS daies vnto our present times
Hath still made voyages to remote climes.
And carried Marchants, vvho not for base gold,
But death and blowes their pretious vvares haue sold.
Their vvares vveare charitie, true-faith, firme-hope,
VVhich they for sorrovves and contemptes did cope.

Saint PETERS ship made voyages to *Chine*,
To *Iapons* Ilands vv hich on *Sinas* joyne
To the remote *America* vv hich shovves
A flovvre, vvhereon the name of IESVS grovv es.
(Yee gentle heau'ns smile svveetly on that earth
So dignifi'd vvith name of IESVS birth)
(Thrice happie they, on vv hose vv ell-vv atred ground
The name of IESVS flourishing is found.)

IESVS svveete odour our stout hartes did fill,
VVhen Tyrants vs for IESVS sake did kill.
To all these Regions PETERS Pinnacle fraught
VVith Merchandise, celestia ll virtues brought,
And though it labourd hath so many yeares,
Yet svvift it failes and as nev v made appeares.
No dangerous fyrts, no ship-deuouring sands,
No billovves, no perfidious Pyrats bandes
Conspiring vvith damnd Ghoasts to Hell cast dov vne,
Are able *Peters* vv ell-built Arke to drovv ne.

Her Pilote IESVS in no tempests fayles,
The holy Ghost filleth vvith vvindes her failes:

heretiks are the first begotten bastards of the Diuel, as *Policarpus* called *Marcio*.

It is a
vvonder-
full thing
that the
vvorkes
of Arch
heretiks,
though
most lear-
ned after
some years
all perish.
The *Arriās*
Donatists,
Nestoriās,
Manicheās
and other
sects haue
vvritten
bookes for
the establi-
shing of
their here-
ticall opi-
nions, and
yet none
of their
vvorkes
are extant,
as if they
vv ere sub-
iect to
that curse:
Sap. 4.
Spirita vi-
tulina
non agent
altas radi-
ces. And
verily arch

That mauger Satan, and his stigian court
Shee safe ariues at heau'ns desired porte.

VVherefore that ship, vvhich through all ages hath
Carried in her the Merchants of true Faith:
That ship vvhich of spoiles from Hell-gained brags,
And for her streamers hath blest Martyrs flags.
Is *Iesus* Church (vvhich God like a ship formes
For t'is exposde to Seas, to vvindes, to stormes.)
Of this Boate *Iesus* himselfe hath the charge,
(VVho seeke heau'ns Hauen come into this barge.)

A descrip-
tion of
Virgins,
vvho to
their
croune of
Virginitie,
haue ad-
ded the
lavrrel of
Martyr-
dome.
Apoc. 14

Virgins vvho Lavvrels vveare vpon their head,
Adorn'de vvith Lilies vvwhite, and Roses red.
(Virginitie the Lilie vvwhite bestovves
A glorious death brings forth the ruddie Rose)
These Nymphs I saie Angelicallie sing,
And in this sorte a holy peale doe ring.
(A peale vvherein all numbers friendly meete,
Virgins alone can sing a song so svveete.)
These flovvres vvhich on our frontes make so faire shovv
And smell so svveete in *Iesus* Garden grovv.
Thence *Barbara*, thence *Agnes*, did them take,
And a triumphant Garland of them make.
Iesus Church stands in an *Elizian* ground,
VVhere fragrant Roses are, and Lilies found,
VVhere Vestal Virgins haue their deseru'd praise,
And Martyrs fronts adorn'de are vvith greene Baies.
VVhere good vvorkes euermore doe fragrant smell,
Is *Iesus* Garden, *Iesus* there doth dvvell.
There is his bover, there his Summer house,
There *Iesus* sporteth vvith his louely spouse.

Can. 2.

Mongst these in English tone sings *E B B A* flaine
For Chastities defence by the stearne Dane,
VVith many Nuns, vvho vnder her charge vvere
(For of a Monasterie shee had care)

Offring

Offring their Laurels at feete of their King,
VVith *Deborah* of victories they sing.
Relate my Muse the subject of their song,
And speake their Crownes gaind by Barbarians vvrong.

Apo. 4.
Iud. 5.

In *Collingham* eight hundreth yeares agoe,
Or there-about (as *Chronicles* doe shovv)
A holy Cloister stood (is it not strange
That after-times should cause so great a change)
Then Fathers joyd, vvhen Cloistets had their sons,
Mothers rejoyc'd to see their daughters Nuns.
And thought their children bestovv'd vvondrous vvell,
VVhen they serud' *Iesus* in a quiet Cell.
They thought vvhen daughter chose a Cloister life,
That shee vvas matcht vvith *Iesus* for his vvife.
But after-daies doe better ope their eies,
And then their Ancestors are grovvne more vvise:
Our times instructed in a deeper schole,
Haue learnde to call each age precedent foole,
And put on their Dads backes a Motlie coate,
Affirming superstition made them dote,
But le'ts goe on: *Ebba* vvas Abbess there
Many faire Nymphs to her obedient vvere.
Many faire Nymphs (though beautie vvas thought foule
VVhich vvas not graft'e vvith beautie of the foule.)

A relation
of the glo-
rious Mar-
tyrdome
of *S. Ebba.*
an. Dom.
870. burnt
vvith her
holy Vir-
gins by
the Danes
for the de-
fence of
their Vir-
ginitie.

But vvhen our Fathers sin (for knowv that sin
Oft changeth scepters, and brings strangers in.
(So *Roderigoes* fault brought Mores to Spaine)
Had made God send to punish Crimes the Dane.
The Pagan soldier each vvhere spoyld the land,
No place vvas free from his all-burning hand,
No holy Church but vvas consum'de by fire
No age, no sexe could pacifie his ire.
Though no vvhere more the Deuill his part plaid,
Then vvhereas pietie had houses made

Eccles. 10.

For

For holy Nuns, and consecrated vvights,
 To spend in diuine praier their daies and nights.
 Satan too conscious of the dailie maim,
 By these he suffreth, and hovv they proclaime
 VVarre 'gainst his Kingdome: vvith peculiar spite
 Makes his infernall feinds gainst these to fighte.
 (Speake *Alberstate* and *Mansfield* as you brag
 Of Monasteries spoiles, vnder vvhose flag
 Your vvarfare is? Satan vvill paie you vvell
 And vvhat vvants here ycu shall receaue in Hell.)

To *Collingham* the Mansion of our Nuns
 A troupe of Pagans came: (Satan these sons
 On Gentilisme begat) The house they take
 (For vvhat resistance could poore vvomen make?)
 The Vestments, Chalice, the holy things,
 (Surely my Muse of nevv-done mischiefes sings.)
 They doe prophane: vvhen they are full of spoyle
 The Nuns (Gods liuing Temple) theile defile.

The VVolfe vvho for long time no food hath eate
 VVith fiercer appetite seekes not his meate
 As leauing VVoods, vvhen night hath chaf'd the daie,
 He to the Village comes to get his praie,
 And hauing found either by cries or smels,
 VVhere harmelesse flocke by care of shepheard dvvels.
 About the house he often vvalketh round,
 Espying vvhere an entrance may be found.
 Hee oft assaies to breake into the stall,
 And oft repeld is by the vvell made vvall.
 At last by force preuailing hee makes vvaie,
 And in midst rusheth of his vvisht-for praie.
 At sight of cruell foe the poore sheepe quake,
 And although manie yet no head dare make.
 (Shall vvee blame nature vvho makes stoutest Rams,
 In presence of the VVolfe, as meekest Lambs)

No

No otherwise the soldiers runne about
Each corner of the Cloister to finde out
These Lambes of God: they burne vvith vvicked flames,
And nought can quench their fire but sacred Dames.
They each-vvhere raunge, no barres can stop their course
They breake the strongest doores vvith deu'lish force.
So see vve *Humber* passing his set bounds
VVith vvaters drovvne the ouer-flovved grounds.
Bridges, and houses vvwhich oppose his vvaie
He carries vvith him, nothing can him staie.

Dan. 12.

EBBA (novv compast vvith *Susannas* care
Death or deflovving the Elections are)
VVas to the Church vvith all her daughters fled
(VVith feare the holy Maides vvere almost dead)
Daughters, quoth shee; and vvould haue spoken more
VVhen furious Pagans rushing at the dore,
Did make her leaue, before shee had begun,
Vnto the dore some bolder Virgins runne,
And firme it fast, at least it shall keepe out
For some short space the Danes intruding route.
EBBA againe beginnes (daughters) quoth shee
To free your selfe from Danes lust learne of mee;
VVhat lavv forbids to vse a murdring hand,
To keepe vovvd'e faith, the same lavv doth commaund
For beauties sake Pagans haue vs in chafe,
In steed of beautie a disfigurd face.
Our sights shall yeeld them: as you see me doe
(vvith that shee dravves a Knife (Virgins) doe you.
Our bodies hetherto haue bene kept chaste,
And vnto death shall not this purenesse last?
Our bodies yet are free from foule lusts staine,
And shall vve novv be rausht by the Dane.
Shall vve polluted be vvith Pagans rape?
No no first perish this vvell-pleasing shape.

The Oratio
made by S.
Ebba to
her Nuns.

L

VVith

VWith streames of bloud vv'eele quench vnlayvful fires,
 VWith vglie lookes vv'eele scarre vntam'dè desires.
 Our spouse is I E S V S, faith to him vvee gaue,
 Hee shall our bodies chaste, though mangled haue.
 And though vve be exteriorly foule,
 He more vvill loue the beautie of our soule.
 In speech of men Euphrasia alone
 Shall not hereafter liue: of vs each one
 Shall acte that Virgin, and not feare deaths blow
 That to our spouse vnspotted vvee may goe.
 Empresse of Virgins, of our sexe the best,
 To thee vvee consecrate our snovvy brest.
 If any faint doe thou stout thoughts inspire,
 I E S V S pure Mother, giue a noble fire.

Hauing said thus, vvith knife shee slits her nose,
 Mangels her cheekes, cuts off her lips, yet shevves
 Not the least signe of sorrov (I E S V S loue
 In her chaste soule all sorrov goes aboue.)
 The Nuns vvho in obedience vveare exact
 Follovv their Abbessè in this vvorthy fact.
 Their Vizages (ô nobly cruel deed!)

VWith plenteous streames issuing from vvounds do bleed,
 Faces, vvhere beautie dvvelt, and eu'ry grace,
 Religious Amazons) themselues deface.

Telling this act shall I a credit finde?
 VWill men belecue such an heroicke minde
 Could in so manie dvvell? Could England breed
 So manie Actours of so so braue a deed?
 VVe see *Zopirus* daughters vvithout Nose
 VWith mangled Cheekes: the most inhumaine focs
 VWould pittie them, yet they all pittie hate,
 (So much they I E S V S loue and Maiden state)
 Imagine novv vvhat a deformed sight
 These Virgins are: vvhom vvill not their vievv fright?

Lct

Let vvanton Dane attempt a Nun to kisse,
For lips a streame of bloud he shall not misse.

VVhat Church of Sectaries a Virgin shovves,
VVho slit for Chastities defence her nose?
Nay they shall Canonize such for a Sainte,
VVho doth not her selfe for an husband painte.
If Teeth, if Nose, if Face haue the least fault,
Nevv Teeth, nevv Nose, nevv Face, shal streight be bought:
If Teeth, if Nose, if Face can be for gold,
At Painters shop, or Poticaries sold.
(So vnlike is, so different the fire
Of *Sions* daughters, and the Gyrles of *Tyre*.)

The inra'gde soldiers bolted out so long
Breaking the Dores into the Tempel throng,
And euery one, not knowving vvhat vvas done,
Run furiously to sease vpon a Nun:
But as they see their mangled faces bleed,
They stand amazed at the horrid deed.
The Captaine of the sacrilegious band,
Thinking this Acte vvas done by a strange hand,
Despairing eake to coole his impure flames,
By his Gods svccours, vvho had misus'd the Dames
Should die the Death, for *Venus* sportes vvere made
(Quoth he) these faces: not by cruell blade
To be disfigur'de. Then did *E B B A* speake.
Tyrant on vs thy sauage fury vvreake.
VVe haue offended, if offence it be,
By bodies maimed to set the body free.
And in my Corps first sheth your naked blades,
VVhose counsaile and example made these maydes
Performe this deed, vvvhich follovving times shal tell,
And praise them to the heau'ns for doing vvell.
Conuert your svvords on me, t'vvas I, t'vvas I,
VVho counsaile gaue and courage; let me die,

Lucretia,
so gene-
rally com-
mended
for killing
her selfe is
much re-
prehended
by S. Au-
sten in his
first book
de Ciuit.
Dei.

Margarit
Middleton
Promartir
of her sexe
in the last
reuelutiō.
Cornelius
a Lapide
of the So-
cietie of
Iesus, a
man fa-
mous for
his pro-
foude
know-
ledge in
holy Scrip-
tures and
languages
makes ho-
norable
mention
of her a-
mongst

This leader had no *Porſenas* braue ſp'rit,
VVho vvhen the Romaine maiſes in dead of night
Guided by *Clatia* dovvn *Tiber* ſvamme,
And ſafely to their ſieged *Cittie* camme,
Aſtoniſhed at the Heroike act
Did praife, and Crovne the Virgins for the fact.
But theſe Barbarians, in vvhoſe ſauage brest,
Not the leaſt true nobilitie did reſt
Inrag'de, that the attempt of theſe Chast Dames
Had quenched quite their ignominious flames,
VVith Hellish fury, and Erynnis fild,
VVhome they did loth to violate, they kild:
And turning vvicked luſt to d'uiliſh ire
They ſet the Cloiſter vvith the Nuns on fire.

O happie Virgins, burning vvith your houſe
You offer holocausts vnto your ſpouſe
To keepe your bodies incorrupt you die,
And vvith pure ſoules to high Olympus flie,
VVhere vvith your I E S V S you in glorie raigne,
VVho for your faith to I E S V S haue bene ſlaine.
Let not fame blazon more *Lucretias* name,
VVho as ſhee ſuffred had a deed of ſhame,
VVith cruell blade her harmeſſe ſelfe did kill,
And on her corpes reveng'de anothers ill.
Had ſhe before the acte vvith vvhetted knife
Sundred in tvvo the gold thread of her life,
VVee vvould haue giu'n her a chaſte Matrons praife,
And vvifer times her monuments ſhould raiſe.

As to the Doctors, I novv take my vvaie,
Her ſex and times firſt Martyr bids me ſtaie,
VVhoſe glorious death did ring ſo loud a knell,
That it hath made eu'n learned ſtrangers tell
Hovv a rich M A R C A R I T in this our time,
Adornes our (from the vvorld diuided) clime,

VVhoſe

VVhose Lavvrel vvith such fragrant flowvers grac'te
Amongst the stoutest Champions hath her plac'te.
If *Vincent, Menas* of the true Church bee
Like cause, like virtue rings that so is shee.

The holy Fathers vvho had vvitt at vvill,
And vvith a Pen made of an Eagles Quill,
Diuinely vvrit for I E S V S common vveale,
To Martyrs next ring in this sorte a peale.
VVhere Doctors teach of admirable vvitt,
In eu'ry science deeply learned, yer
As vvas their Maister I E S V S, humble, knowv,
There I E S V S dvvels: into that Temple goe.
VVe of our Fathers mysteries did learne,
And vvhen vvee vvould faiths Articles discerne,
For feare of our great Maister to be shent,
Like Children vvee vnto our Mother vvent
And although vvee 'boue other men did soare
Yet did vvee listen to the Churches lore,
Knowing that truth vvas promist vnto it,
But priuate men may erre for all their vvitt.

Yea these vvise men in vvragling fashion chime,
And make complaints against some of our time,
VVho pulling them from heau'n vvhere they do dvvel,
Rancke them vvith Heretikes condem'd in hell,
Saying that they did teach the same vvith those
To vvwhose opinions they vv ere alvvaies foes.

Saint I E R O M E yet is full of holy Gall,
And vvho saie so, he Heretikes doth call.
Haue I quoth he so labourd vvith my Quill,
To fence a Cittie built vpon a Hill.
Haue I so many Virgins taught to tread
The Counsailes path, and to perfection lead,

a speciall signe of the Catholike Church; and it is vvorthy to be obserued, that the
greatest Doctors, & most learned in the Catholike Church haue bene most hum-
ble.

the most
glorious
Martyrs of
the Pri-
matue
Church
in his Co-
mentaries
vpon Gen.
cap. i.

I haue
here also
made mē-
tion of
her at the
vrgent re-
quest of a
vvorthy
personage
in these
partes,
vvho
though a
stranger to
our Coun-
trie, yet is
singularly
devoted
to our cou-
trie vvomā
this holy
Martyr.

The Do-
ctors and
holy Fa-
thers of
the Catho-
lik church
Humilitie

And

And must I novv bee recond'e amongst svvine
 VVho nothing holy haue nothing Diuine?
 VVho more then I against Iouinian vvritt
 And must I novv 'mongst his Disciples sit?
 By mee just honours vveare to Reliques giu'n
 And doe I novv contemne the same in heaun?

S. Norbert
 an Apo-
 stolike mā
 founder of
 the order
 of Præ-
 monstra-
 tenses, by
 his holy
 labours,
 he freed
 Antverp
 from the
 heresie of
 Tanche-
 linus. His
 vvwhite or-
 der hath
 hereto-
 fore much
 flourished
 in our
 Countrie.
 Fiftie Or-
 ders in the
 Church of
 God, ob-
 serue the
 rule vvrit-
 ten by S.
 Austen.
 1os. 7.

Saint *Austen* vvonders men can so much straine
 His Orthodoxal sentences, and faine
 That hee vvhil'st in our Region hee did dvvell
 Held such opinions vvchich hee hates as hell.
 VVhat Church I vvas of, quoth hee vvho vvill knowv
 Vnto the Rule vvritt by mee lett him goe
 In that I counsailes of perfection giue,
 And teach a life vvchich I my selfe did liue.
 This as to Greate *Norbertus* I appeare
 (*Antverpes* Apostle) in my handes I beare
 And promise that my rule obserued vvell
 His Canons shall secure from feare of Hell
 VVhen I e s v s shall to stricter iudgment come
 And as they haue deseru'de giue soules their dome.
 Noe lesse then fifty holy Orders stand
 Obseruant of this rule vvritt by my hand.
 Daily fresh vvreaths adorne my glories crowne
 As I behold (from high heau'n looking dovne
 My English Daughters keepe vvith holy care
 Those statutes vvchich by mee ordained vveare.
 They piously obserue vvhat I haue vvritt
 For Nuns and solitarie liuers fitt.
 These Virgins neuer call this or that mine
 But alvvaies vse this phrase, vvhat mine is thine
 (As longe agoe in the Apostles time,
 VVhen Christian feruour vvas in cheifest prime,
 From Mothers knowledge the least thing to hide,
 They thinke a trespas for vvchich *Achan* d'ide.

Each

Each Virgin IESVS for her husband hath,
To vvhome shee keepes infallibly her faith,
Betvvixt Greate IESVS and each holy Nun
As shee is vested fiances are done
The Matrimoniall knot is t'ide vvhen shee
Vovveth obedient, chaste and poore to bee.
Heau'n is the chamber, vvheare in ioyful blisse
This holy marriage consummated is.

Then their superiors they doe knowv noe vvill,
For they abjured haue their ovvne, as ill.
They Angels vvings haue, vvhen they should obey,
And forthvvith flie if Mother once doe saie:
At midnight they (for sometime) leaue their Cell
And come to Church cald thether by a Bell:
VVhere they doe pray vvhilst vvorldly people sleepe,
And Vigils vvith the vvatching Angels keepe.
VVhen flesh against the spirit entreth field
VVith prai'rs and fasting they make the flesh yeeld.
They oft are guests at that Cælestiall board,
VVhich IESVS hath vvith his ovvne bodie stord.
There are they strengthened vvith heau'nly grace,
Their ghostly enemies avvay to chase.
If the least spot contaminate their soule,
Confession doth expiate vvhat is foule,
Itaught these Maides to treade the milken path,
Their Chnrch is mine, as theirs so vvas my faith.

Shall vve discend from heau'n to our earths frame,
From earth to hell, and demaund of the same?
VVhat tune it rings, vvhat battailes haue bene fought
Tvviht light and darkenesse, betvvixt good, and naught
Ievves Pagans Turkes, our Region, lov v Hell
And all the Damned ghoasts vvho therein dvvell,
Shall ring that they 'gainst that Church spit their splene,
VVhich in my verses is described seene.

Of the English Nuns
of S. Monica, in-
Louaine,
living vn-
der the
holy rule
of S. Austē
The three
Vovves.
1. Pover-
tie.
2. Chastity
3. Obedi-
ence.
The acts
and exer-
cise of a
religious
life.

'Gainst

Gainst PETER'S seate, against the Church of Rome
 Did Heresie in battaile arraie come.
Iob. Great Behemoth that Monstrous oxe did dreame
 To swallow vp delightfull Iordans streame.
 But PETER (cunning Fisher-man) vvith hooke
 Out of the sea Leuiathan hath rooke.
Iob. 16. Chiefely by PETERS heau'nly guided arme
 Ievves, Pagans, heretikes haue receiud harme.
 Still PETER doth in his successor fight,
 And triumph ouer gates of horrid night.
 Therefore of *Stygian* feindes the hate is great
 VVhich they to PETER beare, and PETERS seate.
 But IESVS doth make e'un *Tiphens* pride
 To shovv this Church so hated is his bride.
*Of the build-
ers of
the church* Thus God, Christ, MARIE, Angels, Saints, Earth, Hell
 Ioyntly concurre to make our Church a Bell.
 It remaines only novv vvee should declare,
 Of this faire building vvho the vvorkemen are.
 The chieftest Architect vvho guides them all
 And giues directions hovv they labour shall
 Is IESVS selfe: he did deuise the frame,
 And learns the Craftes-men hovv to vvorke the same.
Mat. 22. Best vvorkemaister, for hee vvhen ends the daie,
 VVith glories penie doth the vvorkemen paie.
Col. 2. Novv you must knowv there dvvels in IESVS hart
 The fulnesse of each science, and each art.
 VVith great election he his choise doth make
 And of a multitude some fevv stones take.
 And those of vvhich he meanes his Church to build,
 He vseth curiously vvith loue to guild.
 And by the vvay obserue there can be none
 Fit for the building, but a fowresquare stone.
 A figure richly grac'd', no fortunes frowne
 No Crosse, no miserie can cast it dovvne:

And

And therefore NOAH fouresquare vwood did take,
Thereof his all-containing Arke to make.

And Sions Cittie as no Hellish storme
Can it annoy, is built in this same forme.

In eu'ry stone he doth foure virtues carue
Assisting man least hee from reason swarue:
Hee maketh temp'rance sit in pleasures vvaine,
Curbing the sensuall lades vvith a strong raine.
Teaching amidst a vvorld of sugred svveetes
To take no more then vvhat vvith reason meetes.

Next Fortitude vvhom dangers cannot quaile,
Nor vnexpected casualties make pale.

This virtue of meane men createth Kings,
VVhilest it excites them to attempt great things.

Iustice vvwhose faire integritie is knovvne

In dealing out to eu'ry man is ovvne.

Shee holds a ballaunce vvwhich is alvvayes true,

And vveighs to God, our selfe, our friend vvhats due.

He lastly prudence carues, of the foure best

As being sole directrix of the rest.

This Ladie rides by Fortitude her side

And tels her, as tis follie and rash pride

In deaths occasions vvilfully to run:

So is it crauen covvardise to shun

All dangers, vvhere renovvne and lasting fame

May purchast be, though pale death buy the same.

And you Svvasb-bucklers of our English stage,

Thinke you discretion is your valours page?

Or vvell ey'd prudence doth your courage guide?

VVhen for mere toyes you brable, quarrell, chide;

Nay for just nothing, lesser then a stravy

You'le challenge to the field, and vvweapons dravy.

Tell mee vvhat reasons more can you alledge?

Then that such vvould not in the Tauerne pledge

Apoc. 21.

A descri p-
tion of the
foure Car-
dinal vir-
tues.

Tempe-
rance.

Fortitude.

Iustice.

Prudence.

The follie
& vnlavv-
fulnesse of
single com-
bates.

M

Your

Your vvoemans health, or drunke gaue you the lie,
 Therefore God damme you if he doe not die:
 Forthvvith you send him the length of your svword,
 And fight you vvill, vnlesse he eate his vvord.
 You challenge others, for they tooke the vvall?
 Such vvorthy motiues are for vvich you braule:
 Saie you haue suffred vvrong, right you it vvell?
 In going soule and body vnto Hell.
 VVho truly valiant are, vvill only fight
 VVhen as the cause, for vvich they jarre is right,
 And also vveighty, then vvith them along
 They justice take, and so reuenge a vvrong:
 To fight for trifles, and vvith priuate hand
 To right himselfe: Can this vvith justice stand?

Hovv odious are Duellums in Gods fight,

The holy
 Councel
 of Trent.
 sess. 25. c.
 19. Exco-
 munica-
 teth both
 fighters in
 single com-
 bats as al-
 so the be-
 holders.

Speake holy Church, vvich to preuent this fight,
 And from such folly terrify fond man,
 Strikes it vvith all the thunder-bolts she can
 Denying to their bodies Christian graue
 VVhose soules in hell choose sepulchers to haue.
 But you a refuge haue by manhoods lavv:
 To saue your credit you are forc'd to dravv:
 Men vvould deem you a dunghil Cocke, a Covv,
 Should you put vp such vvrong therefore you vovv
 Youle die a thousand deaths yea to hell goe
 Rather then you vvil blot your honour soe.
 VVhy you are challeng'd and the vvorle vvould thinke
 Should you not meete him that for feare you shrinke.
 Harke my vvifeman, vvhat is the vvorld? a foole.
 Neuer read lesson in true vvifdomes schoole;
 God, Saints, yea vvifemen see vvith better fight,
 Tis Bedlam follie in this sort to fight.
 Novv take your spectacles, chose vvich youle vveare,
 The true fooles coate, or haue fooles thinke you feare.

Prudence instructeth tem'prance vvhen to vse
 Delights and pleasures, vvhen them to refuse.

VVho

VVho knowes not that the Dogs vvho liue by Nile,
 Are taught by dangers to make hast the vvwhile
 They drinke the streame, for Crocodiles doe lie
 Vnder the vvaters, vvherefore they must flie:
 Vrg'de by necessitie they needes must drinke,
 But Caution bids them only lap the brinke.
 Man is composed after such a sort
 That he must sometimes pleasures haue and sport,
 Our Constitution is of such a mould,
 That vvithout some delights vve cannot hold.
 But tis a truth that pleasures though they smile
 As dang'rous are as Crocodiles of Nile:
 VVho then vvill harmes shun be his prudence such,
 That he drinke not of pleasures vvaters much.
 Let him not long at delights fountaine staie,
 But hauing sipt, let him make hast avvaie.

Imagine novv vvhat a most goodly shevv
 These stones do make plast'e in an ord'red rowve.
 Bishops, Priests, Deacons, Cloyster keepers, Nuns,
 And married folke, vvho fill the vvorld vvith sons.
 To all these doth our vvise I E S V S Preach,
 And hovv they should maintaine their puesto teach,
 He bids vvithall the vvorkemen to haue care,
 That they do place each stone in that ranke, vvhere
 It ought to stand: his calling must make fit
 For the rowv eu'ry stone vvhere they set it.
 Let not affection put stones here or there,
 VVhen the chiefe vvorkman vvould haue them els vvhere
 Oh vvhen the Architects obserue not this,
 Disastrous ends'crie something vvas amisse.
 A cruell Lion the poore Prophet slaies,
 VVhilest vvith fond tales him Bethels vvizard staies.
 Our I E S V S is his Fathers vvise Son,
 And performes vvhat he vvill haue done.

3. Reg. 13.

Sap. 8.

Hee eu'ry one aduifeth there to stand
 As he vvas plac't by the chiefe vvorkemans hand.
 If high keepe there, if on the Temples side
 Remaine he there, if lovv, there let him bide.
 Let not the care, and hand desire to see
 Nor vvhere the head is the foote aske to bee:
 Oh hovv securely had Christs people slept;
 If euery man this order vvell had kept?
 Did not Bizantium set the Church on fier?
 VVhilest her proud Prelate labour'd to be higher
 Then God ordaind? And in our Northerne line
 A stone vvas plac'd vvich as a starre did shine,
 But falling from that ranke vvherein he stood,
 He vvallovved vvith the Hog in sensuall Mud.
Apoc. 12. Mee thinkes I see the Dragon once more fall,
 And vvith his beastly tayle from heau'ns high hall
 Many faire starre pull dovne: Priests my Muse meanes
 VVhom he made Marry, nay for vvives take queanes:
 .. So he their Lucifer before had done,
 VVhen for his Paramour he tooke a Nun.
 IESVS such cunning his Apostles taught
 That vvith great praise their Maister-peece they vvrought:
 But amongst all vvho chiefly doth excell
 Is learned PAVLE, he beares avway the Bell;
1. Cor. 15. VVhether vve count his labours vvich are most
 Or curious vvorke, none like to him can boast.
 VVe talke of Sages vvho haue runne about
 The vvorld to finde a little knowvledge out.
 So *Plato* and *Pythagoras* haue done,
 VVho for Arts sake vvas burnt by Indian Sun.
Plato vnto *Gymnosophists* durst goe
 That he their abstruse mysteries might knowv.
 VVas there a land in that age to vs knowvne,
 VVhether PAVLE vvent not to fetch vvood and stone?
 Arabia

Arabia, Greekeland, Ilands, Asia, Rome
Of his great industrie to vvitnesse come.
VVhat art, vvhat labour shevves he in his vvorke
As he fits peeces for our I E S V S Kirke,
And for the stones vvwhich in this Church haue place
Are liuing stones, (the life is Faith and Grace.)
Hee neuer thinkes that he hath done his part,
If I E S V S name be not vvrit in each hart.

Ile trauel vvhere the Orientall Sun
VVith fieric jades doth his carreire first run,
And fetching X A V E R, place him vvith great P A V L E
Since in so many things, yea almost all
Alike they are: before Great states and Kings
Great I E S V S name this chosen vessel brings.
Of conquer'd *Sergius* did P A V L E get his name?
Let conquerd *Iapon* augment FRANCIS fame.
VVhen in our vvorld, France, Portingal, Spaine, Rome
He gath' red had of stones an endles some,
He goes, vvhere first *Aurora* looketh red,
(Blushing to thinke on her *Tithonus* bed)
There he plaies P E T E R, and into the dores
Of I E S V S Church lets many thousand Mores.
VVee vvill hereafter from that speach refraine
VVho a More vvasheth laboureth in vaine.

Hovv augments he our building as for it,
Three hundredth thousand stones he maketh fit?

Yee pamp' red Chaplines, vvho in' dovvnies beds,
Betvvixt your Lemmans armes repose your heads:
Darkenesse infernall Monarke doth not feare
That you to Indies I E S V S name shall beare.
He knowes your Paramours, vvith vvhom you sleepe
From such a vvarfare you at home vvill keepe:
His Kingdome is secure these *Syrens* charmes
From hurting him enfeeble shall your armes.

S. Xaue-
rius con-
uerred a-
boue three
hundredth
thousand
Infidels to
the faith
of Christ.

A parene-
tical apo-
strophe to
the mar-
ried and
schismatic
Church-
men of
the grecke
Church.

You are vvith *Hannibal* in *Capys* tovvne,
 And Citrie Dames shall take your courage dovvnne:
 Though heau'ns againe the Giaunts troups should dread
Vulcan can make no bolts in *Venus* bed.

'Gainst God himselfe sin and hell a stirre keepe
 VVhilst you vvith your faire *Cithereas* sleepe.
 Vp, vp you sluggards from your slumber rise,
 Frame boltes on Virtues Anvil in such vvise,
 As may befitt Ioue from Olympus Hill
 To fling, and vvith them *Tellus* of-spring kill.
 Novv you make vvooden daggers, leaden svvords,
 VVhilst your life is not ansvv'ring to your vvords:
 The bullets vvwhich you shoote are made of claie,
 VVhilst you your selues performe not vvhat you saie:
 Nor are they temp'red vvith that heau'nly heate

Act. 2.

VVhich in sole Sion hath his proper seate,
 And to one house alone by gift of heau'n
 In daies long since of Pentecost vvas geu'n.
 Thence vvith *Prometheus* fetch this diuine flame
 From priuate spirit such fire neuer came.
Tesiphone or some more Hellish Ghoast

Ierem. 16.

Giues them vvilde fire, vvho of this spirit boast.

God promist he vvould Fisher men prouide
 VVho should in *PETER*s boat each time and tide
 VVith Nets and Angles in fresh streames, and brookes
 In the salt sea, in armes, in creekes, in crookes

10. 21.

A Fishing goe (mens soules the fishes bee
 Of these at once *PETER* caught fiftie three.
 God promist he vvould likevvise huntessen giue
 VVho should the hills, the vales vvhere beasts doe liue:
 The Rockes, the holes, yea eu'ry vncouth nooke
 To finde their game vvith great industrie looke,

Are you these Fishermen? then know much fish
 Is in VVest Indies: *PETER* could not vvish

Genne-

Genefareth more plenteous: thether goe,
And make those Pagans IESVS belife knowv.
Theres game enough; in eu'ry streame, each brooke
You may take Fish either vvith net or hooke.

Are you these huntsmen then goe seeke your game,
In *Mogor, Iana* you shall finde the same.

Doe vvee beleue amisse? then to vs come,
Tell vs of CHRIST s faith vvhat is the true summe.
Doe you feare death? tush that is nothing, knowv,
That IESVS faith by Martyrdomes must grovv.
Oh burnt your soules vvith Charities true zeale!
You vvould dilate your IESVS common vveale:
You'de not expect game should fall in your mouth
But you vvould goe to East, VVest, North, and South
As huntsmen after soules, and eu'ry vvhere
To IESVS holy seruice Churches reare.

But am I frantique? as I persvvade those
Of the same Cittie to be mutuall foes.
Schisme, errour, paganisme together dvvell
They all are Cittizen of the same Hell.
Those Kingdomes ruinated soone vve see
VVhere ciuil enmities and factions bee
VVherefore that long hels common vvealth may stand,
You vvill not budge a foote out of your land.
Let those vvho vvill to farthest Indies goe
You vvarmely sleepe, and meane to keepe you foe
So did your Ancestors, and t'is a sin
For you nevv fangled customes to begin.

Tell me in histories can it be shovvne
That sects to IESVS Chutch haue brought a stone?
O had you heau'nly fire vvithin your brest
Surely it vvould not there confined rest.
T'vvould make you leaue base earth and mount on high
And vvith zeales vvings to distant regions flie.

Mat. 12.

Neuer any
conuerfi-
ons of Na-
tions haue
bene per-
formed
by heres-
tikes.

There

There to communicate this heaunly flame
 And burne all harts vvith loue of IESVS name.
 So did this æmulatour of great P A V L E
 Flie vvith seraphique vvings 'bout the vvorlds ball.
 And in each land his IESVS tropheis raise,
 Teaching all nations to sing IESVS praise.
 So before him many a zealous son
 Of Bennet, Francis, Dominick haue done.
 Men for such actions fit: of single liues
 Not cumbered vvith clokebags called VViues.

10.19.

In this faire building not the meanest hand,
 Hast thou deare youth, vvho by the C R O S S E didst stand
 At IESVS death, and lou'd aboue all other,
 VVeart there Created Son of IESVS Mother.
 VVhen vvee see IESVS Church vvith gold so shine,
 VVeele saie th'Embroid'ry vvorke vvas chiefly thine.
 To loue thou doest the harts of mortalls moue
 Thy Edicts commaund nothing els but loue.
 In life loue is thy song, at hovvre of death
 VVith a loue song, thou yeeldest vp thy breath.
 VVith Charitie thou guildest eu'ry stone
 In golden vvordes persvvading eu'ry one,
 To plaie a IESVS in the louing art,
 And thinke each neighbour must be as thou vvert
 Chiefely belou'd, each man a IESVS bee,
 And loue his brother as C H R I S T loued thee.

Ep.

10.13.

Heere vvee behold a troupe of English men,
 VVho vvith their labours, and industrious Pen
 Build IESVS Church; so BONIFACIUS taught
 Germans our Faith, and to Christs Temple brought.
 And vvee vvill VVILLEBRORD vvho first of all
 Made Frisons Christians, their Apostle call
 Both appertaining to *Cassinus* Mount
 VVhose Catalogue such numberlesse can count.

Cassinus

Cassios Mount a second horse of Troie,
Bringing foorth vvorthies Hels tovvne to destroie.
Cassineos Mount a Trojan horse vvhere dvvel
Heroes vvho sacke not *Ilion* but Hell.

Saint BENNET vvvas the Chiron vvho first taught
And these *Pelides* to perfection brought.)

Mongst these IOHN LIDGAT stands, of speciall note,
Crovnd vvith greene baies& cloth'd vvith the same coate
As I see him vvith others our Church build,
I am vvith joye and admiration fild.
I vvill approach the Man, and of him aske,
Hovv he came thether, vvho gaue him a taske
Being a Poet, full of vvandring fires,
To vvorke amongst these venerable fires
For I (fond man) made hetherto a count
That Poets vvvent not past the forked Mount:
But since they climbe vp Sions sacred Hill;
I care not much if I make verses still.

O yes quoth LIDGATE, for though novv a daies
The Crovne of glorie, and *Apolloes* baies
So' seldome meet. vvhalst Poets suite their rimes,
After the vvanton humour of the times,
Yet former ages often-times haue seene
Our Christian Prophets deckt vvith Lavvrel greene
Ascend Olympus Mount: vvhere their chaste laies
Revvarded are vvith glories glitt'ring raies,
And Poets brovves vvith Lavvrels Crovned are,
(King DAVID (Poets *Phæbus*) hath this care:
So is *Sidonius* Crovnd, *Prudence* vvho vvrit
Things vvorthy of *Apollo* full of vvitt.
Prosper, *Sedulius*, vvho the nine haue taught
VVhen they sing hymnes to blush as Maidens ought.

Leaving this vvorthy Man, and thousand more,
Of the same Coate vvhom time makes vs passe o're.

Sir Tho-
mas More

VVee come to *Rochester*, vvho lost his head
For not allowving *HENRIES* lavvlesse bed.

Arts treasure, chiefe darling of the nine,
Historian, Poet, Oratour, Diuine.

Linguist Philosopher, Statesman to King:

Best husband, Father, vvhat not? eu'ry thing.

If thou art graue vvee see a *Cato* sit,

If merry, flovves the Quintessence of vvitt:

Renovvned *MORE*, Collegue in *FISHERS* Crowne,

VVhom no aduersity, no *HARRIES* Frowne

Can make approue vvhat *IESVS* thinkes not good,

VVhose Church thou buildest as thou shedst thy bloud.

Graue *POL* her child, vvhom true Relligions lake

A *MARGARITE* in *IESVS* Church doth make.

VVhom doth not *BRISTOL* vvith his vvritings moue?

VVho doth not *REIGNOLDS* for his braue vvitt loue?

Industrious *HARPSFIELD*, vvwhose laborious Quill

Doth vvith Church Records our *Museum* fill.

VVhat *SANDERS* merits in this building be,

By his conspicuous Monarchie vve see.

And shall vvee forget *STAPILTON* vvho goes

Arm'd *Capapea* against *IESVS* foes,

Hovv doth he rouse the Boare out of his den,

And strike him dead vvith a vvell-guided Pen?

VVeemust beleue vvhen vvee his vvritings read,

Saint *HIEROME* vvhist hee liued vvvas not dead.

And thou my *Londons* *CAMPION*, vvho at once

To our Foundation bringest thy ten stones,

Neuer dost thinke thy reasons fully good,

Till they be vvritten vvith a Martyrs bloud.

Illustrious *ALAN* of more honourd note,

For thy great labours, then the Purple Coate

And Scarlet Hat, vvwhich *SIMON PETERS* heire

Did cause thee for thy vvorthy acts to vveare.

Chiefe

Chiefe Architect, best vvorkman of thy daies,
As thou thy *Dorray* Monument dost raise,
Thou found'st a quarry vvhich faire stones shall yeild,
VVhereof our IESVS vvill his Temple build.
And vvhen vvee see thy Children stones make fit,
VVee saie that A L A N liues, and labours yet.

G I F F O R D first Peere of France: of speciall note
VVas thy great virtue, vvhen Saint B E N E T S Coate,
Thou didst put on: as thou the vvorld dost scorne
VVith flying it, thou doest much more adorne *Mat. 5.*
Thy vvorthy selfe: A candle must not bide
Vnder a Bushell; Cloisters cannot hide
Thy virtues luster: mightie Princes see
Thy talents, and on Candlesticke place thee:
VVhere like the glorious Sun thou giuest light,
Expelling vvith bright raies the shade of night.

VVell on thy head (B I S H O P) doth Miter sit
Thy labours for our Church haue made it fit.
Happie thrice happie vvould our England be
If all the Prelates vveare like vnto thee.
But since vvee see our dearest Countrie blest
VVith such a B I S H O P, vvee vvill hope the rest.
VVhilst K E L L I S O N each builders vvorke doth viewv,
Hee shevves vvho haue the false Church, vvho the true.
Sound VV R I T E in mans large volume deeply read,
Preparing ghuests for IESVS mystike bread.
Doth not our C H A M P N E Y the true Prelate Crovvne,
VVhilst he casts from their throne vsurpers dovvn?
S M Y T H a true Goldsmith ballaunces doth hold!
VVith vvhich hee vveigheth drosse, and vvaighty gold.
(The gold makes my nev v builded Tempel fine
VVith the Drosse Satans Synagogues doe shine,
His ballance eake all sorts of monie vveighs.
The Counterfeir (such is rife novv a daies)

Of Copper coyned is, vvhich verie lovv
 In an heretique mine cald Hell doth grovv,
 Satan chiefe coiner is, but he all naught
 Arch-heretikes this Cofning art hath taught.
 VVho hauing stamp't Christs picture on their Coine,
 And vvith the scriptures making their brasse shine:
 They vovv and svveare (so impudently bold
 Are they) because it glisters tis true gold.
 Manie they doe deceiue, and vvould doe more
 As Smyth is, vveare there not of goldsmiths store.

VVhen they discouerd are by I E S V S Lavv,
 (Some punishing others to keepe in avv)
 On Pillaries as Cofoners they stand,
 VVhere vvilst ignoble shame their fronts doth brand
 They loose their eares, for lost they not each eare,
 It is impossible but they should heare
 An Oecumenick Councill, vvhere all vvise,
 And learned of the vvorld make lovvddest cries.
Aemonian Boreas vvhen as he doth rage
 And vvarre against *Neptunes* vast Kingdome vvage
 Making the vvaues one 'gainst another fight,
 And vvith contention foaming turne all vvwhite,
 No, not great loue, vvhen vvith his thundring noyce
 Hee shakes our Machin, hath a louder voice.
 Then Fathers thus assembled vvhen they smite
 VVith their *Anathemas* these sons of night.
 Yet i't not vvonderfull? more deafe are they
 Then Fish vvich svvimme in bottome of the sea.
 (VVaues of this vvorld, of Pride, of Schisme, of Sinne,
 Stop close their eares, and let no noyce come in.

More deafe then *Fufius* vvas, vvhom vvhen he plaide
 Afflicted *Hecuba* the vvofull Maide
Polyxena ordained for an hoast,
 To satisfie *Achillis* angrie Ghost.

VVith

VWith hollovves, clamours, scrickings, loudest cries
Could not make him from his deepe slumber rise.
Doctors, *Church*, Fathers hollovv eu'ry vvhere,
Arch-heretikes are deafe, and vvill not heare.

Ingenious F L O V D, vvwhose brest the nine did hize
Long since; thereof to make their Muses quire:
Thy brest, the mansion of each grace, each art,
Thy brest th'attractive gainer of each hart,
True Israelite vvithout vnfaithfull guiles
VVithout *Pelasgian* artes, and *Sinons* vviles.
In virtue thou art first, though some may goe,
In policies beyond thee, to vvee knowv
The children of this vvorld haue quicker fight
In the supplanting art, then Sons of light.
Thou art Achilles, and at Babel tovvne
Able to kill *Thersites* vvith thy frowne.

Art thou the Man, vvwhose Pen againe made right,
That stone vvwhich from his due place fell dovne quite
Spalatoes Prelate? vvhen high Cedars fayle,
Shal not their ruine make lesse shrubs looke pale.
None eake dispaire, mercy for sins to finde
VVhen I E S V S is to such a trespasse kinde.

Goe forvard vvorthy man, and vvith thy quill,
The Boare vvwhich rooteth I E S V S garden, kill:
Goe forwards vvorthy man and vvith thy vvrit
VVrite such braue vvorkes, as haue not yet bene vvrit.
VVho see this Poeme, joyntly let them see
That I doe loue, yea ovve my selfe to thee.
Into the greater *Floud* so lesse *Brookes* run
From vvhence at first their *Origen* begun.

Yee learned *Esdra*, vvwho from Forraine lands,
Returning build Christs Church vvith pious hands,
Prosper in this your vvorke, againe repaire
Decaied Sion, aed make it more faire

An Apo-
strophe to
the clergie
labou-
ring in En-
gland.

N 3

Then

Then t'vvas before, let true faith sustaine all,
 The rooffe be Charitie; firme Hope the vvall,
 Agge. 2. As I v D A s clense our Church; and in the same
 1. Mac. 4. Each vvhere aduance great I E s v s Crosse and name.
 2. Paral. 36. VVith C Y R V S Gods annoynted you haue grace,
 Your ATTAXERXES graunts a breathing space,
 Giuing out Edicts in his royall name,
 2. Esd. 2. That none dare let the inchoated frame.
 The pleased heau'ns promise a lasting peace,
 And Sanaballats from molesting cease.
 Esteeme this gracious fauour therefore such,
 Because your *Queene* can do vvith *King* so much.

There founders of Relligious orders svveat,
 Their diligence is much, their labour great:
 For I E s v s them commaunds vvith cunning hand
 To fit those pieces vvich in chiefe place stand.
 The stones they heve vvhen as they are too rough,
 They plaine the vvood, vvhen tis not smooth enough.
 VVe Christian Candor may the plane vvell call
 VVith vvich they make vvhat is vneuen fall.
 The Hammer vvich the rugged stones doth smite,
 Is a sharpe toole of abnegation hight.

And first my Muse of glorious B E N E T count,
 Of some VVho climing vp *Cassinos* loftie mount,
 principall Hevv'de many stones by I E s v s so much grac'de,
 Orders of That they in Temples very top vvere plac'de.
 Religion. Religious schollers of great *Benets* schole
 For many hvndreth yeares the Church did rule.
 Hovv many thousands of the selfe-same coate,
 In *Sions* Quire chaunt *Alleluias* note?

And blessed F R A N C I S vvho aboue the rest,
 In that grace shinest vvich of all is best,
 Humilitie: vvhen I doe rinke of thee,
 I must recall vvhat I E s v s hath for mee.

And

And my sins suffred: thy mark'd body shovves
 I E S V S five vvoundes causd by so many blowves.
 VVast not enough that thou didst dravv so neare
 To I E S V S in thy soule, but thou must beare
 His likenesse in thy limms: in feete handes side
 Must I E S V S holy characters be spide?
 Because thy hart vvith I E S V S loue aboundes,
 Therefore in thy blest flesh are I E S V S vvoundes,
 And not alone from plenty of the hart.
 Thy mouth speakes I E S V S, but eke eu'ry part.

Luc. 6.

Some as they see the vvorke vvwhich thou hast vvrought
 And viewv; the stones, vvwhich by thy labour brought
 Increase the building, make a jest, and saie
 VVithout a foole there cannot be a plaie.
 They thinke thee foolish, vvho thy ritches store
 Didst giue avvaie, and aftervvards liue poore.
 And it is true a foole blest man thou vvert,
 And novv thy holy sons plaie the fooles part.
 But he vvho vvhat is folly knowveth best
 VVhat vvifdome, as he preacheth doth not jest.
 That vvho are fooles in the vvorlds purblinde cies,
 In Gods best seeing sight are truly vvise.

1. Cor. 3.

And if vver rightly censure he's a sott
 VVho judgeth that for good vvwhich good is not.
 Hovv many doe vvee see, vvho are all ill
 Haue riches, honours, pleasures at their vvill?
 VVhen good are poore (if there can good men be
 In this vilde vvorld vvhere most men bad vve see,
 Therefore Antiquitie makes *Plutus* blinde,
 Because he seldome honest men can finde
 To pleasure vvith his drosse: the very same
 As to the good *Ioue* sendeth him falls lame.
 But vvhen hee's bid to vvicked men repaire,
 He puts on vvings, and flieth in the aire.

In

In our great I E S V S vvas all vvifdomes store, |
 Yet did he liue contemned here and poore.
 VVhat pleasures had he? vvhom he loued best
 His Mother and Apostles nere could rest
 Alvvaies in troubles; of all men thought vvorst
 Despis'de, neglected, suffering hunger, thirst,
 Cloth'd poorely, entertaind vvith scoffes, vvith quips.
 Esteemd seducers, dang'rous; beate vvith vvhips.
 Surely if vvorldly men the right vvay goe
 I E S V S vvould not haue let his friends liue soc.

Innocen-
 tins the 3.
 sawv in vi-
 sion, S Frā
 cis holding
 vp the La-
 terane
 Church,
 by vvhich
 vision God
 vvould de
 monstrat,
 the bene-
 fite vvhich
 the Catho-
 lik church
 by the pi-
 ous la-
 bours of
 this holy
 man, and
 his of-
 spring in
 aftertimes
 receiued.

Further great Saint, though thy sons appeare base,
 This verie basenesse doth the temple grace.
 The stones are rough, vvhich vvndermost of all
 Support the building that it doe not fall.
 Such stones in vision that great Prelate sawv
 VVho gaue allowvance to thy stricter lavv.
 In the vvorld is varietie of things,
 All cannot Kefars be and mightie Kings.
 All are not persons fit for Princes court.
 There must be some vvho are of meaner sort:
 Some must to Indies goe, some in shops stand
 There must be contriemen to plough the land.
 Yet this so much varietie of place
 Not only must be, but eke giues a grace.
 Neither are riches equally to all
 Out dealt; some are vvhom vvwealthy men vve call.
 Others are poore, vvhat then? thers no lesse art
 In representing vvell the poore mans part.
 Then in the acting of a King or Duke
 VVisemen vvhat part is plaid not so much looke,
 As hovv t'is done: you vvill graunt I E S V S vvise
 Yet he plaid *Codrus* in a poore mans guise.
Codrus he acted and in beggers vveed
 To saue his people vvillingly did bleed.

Happy

(Happy vvho chose vvith I E S V S to be poore,
 And vvith their Maister beg from doore to doore.
 Happy thrice happy such: this is my note;
 Though the vvorld laugh, and forthvvith saie I dote)
 Our I E S V S knevv if he should keepe his state,
 No malice vvould præoccupate his fate.
 No Priests vvould for him thirtie pence out tell
 No *Judas* vvould his sou'raigne so cheape sell.
 VVherefore he makes himselfe vvith *Codrus* poore
 And by his death doth man to life restore.
 F R A N C I S exprest the poore mans person to
 VVhich he of I E S V S learned so to doe,
 That vvhen the dramme vvith his life did expire
 A clap vvvas giu'n by God and Angels quire.

And thou, though last, yet not L O I O L A least
 As daintie junkets at end of a feast,
 So novv the vvorld is old and almost past,
 Thou dost invite and please our Christian tast:
 VVhen vvith thee in thy banner thou dost bring
 The name of I E S V S our all conq'ring King.
 Blest such true Sons, vvho in their hart and flag
 Haue I E S V S vvrit, and vvith their Father brag
 Not in fames shaddovv, sumptuous buildings, drosse,
 But only in their I E S V S name and C R O S S E.

—VVhat hath *Semiramis* obtained the Crovvne,
 And shevv'es Magnificence in *Babels* tovvne?
 Or doe the *Amazons* for I L I O N S sake
 By *Argiues* ranlaked a nev v Troie make?

Hath *Dido* as shee sees *Sichæus* dead
 Into hott *Afrique* from *Pigmalion* fled.
 VVhere shee imploies the treasure of her Purse,
 In the erecting of a stately burse.
 Our chiefe Preist I E S V S through false treason dies,
 From second Nuptials his *Eliza* flies.

Of Orders
 of Religi-
 ous vvoc-
 men in the
 Catholik
 Church.

O

MAR-

MARTHA the vveeping MARIES sister fled
 First in this maner a Pigmaliions bed.
 And vvith her folke comming to *Marfiles* shore,
 Of liuing stones gath' red a royall store
 To build a Church, vvhere rightly should be done,
 Best victimes to her Gods eternal son.
 These stones vv ere Virgins, *Chrysolithes* them name,
 For they refined vv ere in true loues flame.

A troope of royall dames to labour fall,
 Some the foundation, some build vp the vvall:
 Most of the Companie ascend aboue,
 And deck the highest rooffe vvith golden loue.
 As in a summer month vvee often see
 The hiues frequented by the busie Bee,
 Some goe from home, some come backe to the Hiue,
 Each pritty soule as *Emulous* doth striue
 VVho shall doe most? the drones and vvho are slacke
 As they approach, are from the hiue beat backe:
 Some to bring vp the young ones haue a care,
 Some to vnburden those vvho loaden are
 VVhilst none are idle, none spend ill their time,
 The honied house smels redolent vvith t' hyme.

In this Parthenian troupe none idle stand,
 But to the labour each one puts her hand,
 And bring vvell-tasting honie to the hiues,
 (Their actions honie are suck'd from Saints liues)
 On flow' res of Saints braue deedes these Virgins rest,
 And by praire feeding suck out, vvhat is best.
 They learne of DOMINICK and KATRINE zeale
 To praie and labour for their neighbours vveale.
 Of FRANCIS they humilitie doe learne,
 Of CLARE hovv to themselues they shalbe stearne,
 And full of syvete they come backe to their home
 VVhere they the honie make and honie combe.

All full of louely svveet, amongst them all
Not one conuerfeth vvho hath the leaft gall.

That I E S V S Church neuer hath shades of night,
But a perpetuall and constant light,
Thereof vvee must ascribe not the leaft part
To thefe Bees and their honie making art.

Thefe Maiden Bees a Virgin vvaxe doe vvorke
Of vvhihare Candles made for I E S V S Kirke.

Their liues are Torches, from vvhence light is gi'un,
VVhich as men fee they praife the God of heau'n,

Mat 5.

MARCELLA, FABIA, PAVLA and her childe
EVSTOCHIVM in fuch vvorke vvhere neuer toild.

(EVSTOCHIVM natures vvonder in vvhoſe brest,
Moſt arts, all virtues, chiefest tongues did reſt)

VVe thee (SCHOLASTICA) amongst the firſt
Behold a Romaine CLÆLIA, vvho durſt
Be author to thy high descended Dames,
Hovv they ſhall eternize their royall names.

VVhen thy Eduina ſprung of English Kings
Vnto our Temple a ritche Saphyr brings,
VVee'le ſay by her oblation may be ſeene
Although ſhe ſpurn'd a Crovvne, ſhee vvvas a Queene.
Of many Hildas, Rictruds could vvee tell,
By thee inſtructed in religious Cell
To offer amethyſts vvhoſe virtues rare
Againſt intemperance approoued are.

Of the rel-
ligions
vveomen
of Saint
Benets
order.

Of vvell tun'de voices to make vp a Quire,
VVe vvill not goe vvith I E R E M I E, and hire
Lamenting vvomen, vvho ſhall N E N I A ſ ſing,
For good I o ſ I A ſ death their ſlaughtred King.
Thy English Nymphes (Great Saint) ſhall neuer fayle
By daie, by night their I E S V S death to vvaile.
They ſhall in ſtreetes of Adradremon mone,
And in the blacke fieldes of Mageddo grone.

The Quire
of our
Church.

Ierem. 9.

Zach. 12.

S. Grego-
rie a Monk
of S. Ben-
nets order
and after
vvarde
Pope for
his great
zeale and
labours
in the cō-
uersion of
our coun-
trie stiled
the Apo-
stle of En-
land, hee
ordained
the man-
ner of sing-
ing, which
is stil retai-
ned in the
Church, &
of him cal-
led Cantus
Gregorius
anus.

They shall fill *Adadremmon* vvith said cries,
Because *Iosias* in *Mageddo* dies.

Great GREGORIE procurer of our blisse
The Quires chiefe Maister, and directour is.
Though Pope, yet for his Father BENETS sake
He for his sisters holy songs vvill make,
And though the ditties vvith their tunes are plaine,
Yet there is Majestie in eu'ry straine:
Yea though deaths songs resound in eu'ry place,
Yet shall this sorrovv giue the Musike grace.
And men shal argue as their ravisht eare,
Such pleasant straines of Melodie doth heare:
VVhether on Organs once more Angels plaie,
VVhilest manie *Cecilies* together praie.
Or els the *Nine* leauing their forked hill,
Our lovver Orbe vvith Harmonie doe fill.

Here also vve behold bare-footed CLARE.
Her Damsels eake though noble bare-foote are:
I dispute vvith my selfe vvhat shall be done,
By these so royal Ladies vvithout shoone.
Doth it by IESVS vvill to their lot fall,
To prepare Morter for the Churches vvall?
Yes sure, CLARE vvas a Morter treading Dame,
The Morter vvas riches, base pleasures, fame,
To trample on such Morter CLARE did vse,
This vvas the reason vvhy shee vvore no shoes:
And that trash vvith vvhose loue the vvorld doth burne,
Her chaster of-spring vvith their feete doe spurne.
Doe vve not see vvhist these such Morter tread,
The vvoman brusing the old serpents head.

Gen. 3.

IESVS to FRANCIS, he to CLARE did Preach,
And all of pouertie a lesson teach.
She learnes her Nuns in spirit to be poore
And then vvhat nature askes to vse no more.

Nay

Nay the strict lawes of pouertie are such
That often-times it must not haue so much.
For vvhere sufficient is, nothing doth vvant,
Tis certaine that there Pouertie is scant.
VVhere transitorie things abundant are,
There vve doe vvant true daughters of poore CLARE.
Each Nun must be familiar vvith these foure
Daughters of pouertie all Christned poore.
Poore fare, poore Clothes, poore lodging, and poore Cell.
Let her not thinke her selfe in health, not vvell,
Vnlesse to these foure sisters vvhom her God
So much esteemes, shee joyne her selfe the od.

TERESA glorie of novv-dearest *Spaine*
Top of *Carmelus*, smoothing vvith thy Plane,
VVhat rugged is: each sexe thou makest nev
VVhilst thou dost both vvith abnegation hev,
Surely blest Nymph, ELIAS vvill not grieue,
If in his order vve a share thee giue.
Nor can his children justly make complainte,
As IESVS giues a Canonized Sainte:
So vvhen the troopes of IABIN conqu' red are
BARACH and IAHELS vvife the glorie share.
Tis true, foyld *Sifara* from BARACH fled,
Yet IAHELS vvife the nayle stricke on the head.
The great ELIAS put selfe-loue to flight,
Thou vvith thy perfect rule dost kill him quite.
In MOYSES law vvhat only vvvas in chase,
Is fully vanquish't in the law of grace.

Iud. 5.

Sure ZEVS had much choise, vvho vvhen he vvvas,
To paint *Ioues* sister as a beauteous las,
A thousand Virgins had of feature rare,
Lims equally compacted, faces faire
Presented to his viewv, that euery part
VVhich vvvas most eminent by his great art

O 3

Hee

He might expresse; one Virgin gold thread vveares
 In tresses place: he dravves her golden heires.
 He paints anothers forehead high yet plaine
 There *Venus* might make sport, and *Iuno* raigne:
 And curiouſlie obserueth all theit eyes
 As vvanton *Cupid* vp and dovvn them flies;
 And vvhere the Boye is vvaggish, yet in avve
 Of Mothers presence, he that eye doth dravv.
 He makes a nose rise like a marble tovvre,
 Hee eies too lips in vvch as in a bovvre
 Fragrant vvith Roses delight lou'de to dvvell
 (Roses they vv ere for colour and for smell)
 Hee dravves the Colour vvith his pensil right,
 To giue the smell exceeds his Pensils might.
 Eares as Bee-hiues he makes; though no Bee there
 (For Bees vvith stings might the beholders feare)
 (But in the patterne may be there vvare some,
 For hovv should honie els in the hiues come?)
 Yet tvvo rich perles (and they shevvd vvondrous vvell)
 Did hang as Clappers at each siluer Bell.
 A dimple graced much a Ladies chin
 Dravving that part he put the dimple in.
 A Nymph as her the painter much doth vievv,
 Dieth her cheekes vvith a Vermilion hev v,
 Those cheekes vvch by that blushing got much grace,
 Hee blushing paintes, and so makes vp his face.
 Like to the face all parts dovvn to the feet,
 In handsomnes and just proportion meete.
 To vvch he could no more perfection giue,
 Vnlesse his cunning had made all to liue.
 But had *Prometheus* giu'n heatc to this Dame',
 VVe should againe haue hear of *Paris* flame,
 And once more *Phrigians* through *Sicilians* ire,
 Should haue done penance vvith their Citties fire.

Surely

Surely vvhē blest TERESA did deuise
 The model of her vvorke, before her eies
 God set each order, as a beauteous Dame
 That vvhat in each vvvas perfect, in her frame
 Shee might expresse, vvith eu'ry order stands
 IESVS great selfe, the vvorke of vvwhose blest hands
 Each order is. TERESA on him lookes
 His vvordes her lessons are, his deedes her bookes.
 Shee markes that he doth doe far more then saie
 VVhen he commands, he leads himselfe the vvaie.
 Therefore to Nuns shee Preacheth vvith her actes,
 And teacheth not so much by vvordes as facts.

As she her life in vvritings forth doth bring,
 VVith *Xenophon* she faineth not a King,
 But in her selfe trulie expresseth hovv,
 A votarie is bound to keepe her vovv.
 If Virtues fulnesse anie vvhere doth vvant,
 Tis vvhere the humble virtue made her scant.

As she each order vievves, a graue svvete Quire,
 From one she learnes, though charities best fire
 Descend from heau'n: yet she obserues the care
 Another hath by meanes of mentall praier
 To keepe it in: This praier must serue the turne,
 And in her Virgins breasts make loues fire burne.
 And vvithout this Relligion is night,
 This must to each act giue a cheerefull lighte.
 Her Nuns must oft retire vnto their Cell,
 And there reflect, hovv idly or hovv vvell
 They haue spent precious time: hovv that or this
 They may amend: vvhen it is done amisse.
 VVhen in obeying they are slovv, vvhen halt,
 VVhat motiues, and vvhat meanes to mend this fault.

Terrene

Terrene propensions doe keepe dovvn their soule,
Some blemishes their purity make foule.

Here meditation makes them mount on highe
And to the top of all perfection flie,
To vvash their sins in I E S V S clensing bloud
And bath their errours in a vveeping floud.

Of him vvwhose rare discretion is seene
In invvard motions, the foure virtues Queene
Prudence she learnes, this doth direct her Quill.
VWhilest she her Papers doth vvith precepts fill:

Purity of
intention.

She teacheth hers to meditate on sins,
And Hell; as complacence of good begins
To puffle them vp; againe vvhen feares cast dovvn
To ponder Gods great mercy, and heau'ns crowne,
She hamm'reth much on this, doth this much Preach,
Hovv vnto God alone their loue must reach.
They feare loue, honour must, and serue their God
For himsele onely, not for feare of rod,
VWhich punisheth transgressours, not for lust
Of those sveete meates, vvherevvith he feedes the just.
She teacheth them, although on earth they dvvell
To build vvithin their soules an heau'nly Cell.
(The Saints their God in the heau'ns alvvayes finde,
God dvvelleth in a recollected minde.)

Mans body is not made of iron or stone
As our soule is not flesh, so t'is not bone.

Fond dissolution doth the spirit spill
Too much attention doth the vvhole man kill.
VWherefore of approou'd Orders she doth take
Each best thing, and a temp' red medly make.

Leuit. 5.

Luc. 2.

Jerem. 8.

In M O Y S E S lavv Gods people shevv'd their loue,
In sacrificizing of a Turtle Dove.
A bird vvwhich doth due hovvres and seasons knowv,
And at fit times vnto her home doth goe.

Her

Her daughters offer Turtles vwhen they spend
In pious mirth the hovvre, vvhich for that end
Their rule appoints, nor is their vvonted fier
VVith this made lesse, but rather flieth higher.
As sacred birds they mutually doe moue
Each other by such conference to loue.
They offer Turtles vwhen they leaue to speake,
For feare they should commanded silence breake.
Then they goe home, I meane vnto their Cell
VVhere in reflection of past talke they dwell.

She vvas instructed in great I E S V S scholl
In such a sort to mitigate her rule.
That the most tender may i'ts rigour bide,
And yet the strong complexion may be tride.
The flesh vvith too much pampring is too bold,
VVith too much curbing long it cannot hold:
Shee doth not vnto this or that side leane
But cuer treadeth in the golden meane.
No vvonder then, though I E S V S mother vvill
Make her chiefe mansion in vvHITE Carmel hill:
No vvonder eke though in our I E S V S time
So many Nymphs the top of Carmel climbe.

Thus (mighty Princes) vvee a Church haue built
Eu'n from the ground our vvails reard, the rooffe gilt?
VVith lampe enlight'ned it, vvith Pictures grac'te:
(Your ancestors) firme Pillars in it plac'te.
And set on top thereof a loud voic'd Bell
VVhich shall hereafter times and ages tell
VVhose Church it is: the Priest, the Hoast (Gods Son)
VVhat Sacramentall rites in it are done)
VVe haue describde, and added a fvyete Quire,
Giu'n eake vnto our vvorkemen their due hire
A grateful memorie:) all vvhich at first
VVe for your royall sakes begun, and durst

110 *A Poëme of the Holie name of IESVS.*

Goe forvvardes in the inchoated frame,
Till vvee had fully perfited the same:
VVherefore in justice giuing all their due,
Our Church and *Architect* belongs to you.
To you belongs the vvhole, to you each stone,
Accept then, and protect vvhat is your ovvne.

Esaï 49.

God *Kings for fathers to his Church vvill giue*
For *Nurces Queenes*: our Church beginnes to liue,
It is a Babe, in England nevvlie borne
You roiall couple shall not thinke it scorne
To plaie the *Nurces*: Mighty CHARLES make fit
Such nutriment, vvwhich shall giue strength to it:

1. Reg. 16.

Bethou our DAVID, vvho vvhen a Beare came
And from the flocke did beare avvaie a Lambe
VVith Monsters death redeem'de the sheepe let Beare:
Let rau'nous Boare thy Princely povver feare,
Yea let the Dragon in the Desert vvilde

Apoc. 12.

Not dare for feare of thee approach our Child.
Faire Nymph may our Babe in thy bosome rest,
May it suck milke, yea *Nectar* from thy brest,
If *Agags* race dare threat the Infant harme,
Sheild and support it vvith thy Princely arme.

And you good times make hast, yee moments run:
If euer, novv t'is requisit the sun
Should take Post-horse, and gallop to that signe
In vvwhose conjuncture ALBION shall joyne
VVith *Hesperie*, and in perpetual bands
Of Amitie vnite tvvo glorious lands.
Our CHARLES like vnto vvhom the vvorld hath none,
Shall take a MARIE the vvorlds onely one,
And joyntly vvith their *Hymenean* bed
England and Spaine eternally shall vvied.

FINIS.





Faults escaped in the Printing.

Pag. 5. for *Gates of eternal might.* Read *Gates of eternal night.* pag. 8.
for *vvith errors to inuest.* Read *vvith errors to infest.* pag. 18. *Best*
Martyrs bloud, Read *blest martyrs bloud.* pag. 37. in the Margent for
Pius Turcæ quam Papistæ. Read *Prius Turcæ quam Papistæ.*
Pag. 47. for *Are vvich your chiefe friends fild,* read *are vvith your*
chiefe friends fild. pag. 49. for *must gaze* read *must graze.* pag. 80. for
Promartyr. read *Protomartyr.*

